The Outlook

DECEMBER 17, 1919

THE SENATE, THE PRESIDENT AND MEXICO

THE release from prison of Consular Agent William O. Jenkins has decreased the tension between this country and Mexico, but has not ended it. As this is written it is not yet clear whether Jenkins was released unconditionally or whether he was liberated only after bail had been put up by Mr. J. Salter Hansen, said to be a friend of Jenkins and an American. One report has it that Hansen gave bail for Jenkins without the knowledge or approval of the latter. The fact is that the obscurity which has hung over the Jenkins case from the beginning has not yet been dispelled.

The State Department cannot be congratulated on the manner in which it has handled this affair. First a brusque note is despatched to Carranza demanding the immediate release of Jenkins. When this is met with refusal, a second communication is sent to Mexico "requesting" that the consular agent be set at liberty. Now, if that first peremptory demand was justified it should have been followed by action. If it was not justified, it should never have been made at all, but a more temperate note despatched in its place. If the original note was justified by the facts, the State Department probably has knowledge of conditions not yet made public. Yet when a controversy arises which very nearly becomes a *casus belli*, are not the American people entitled to know all the facts?

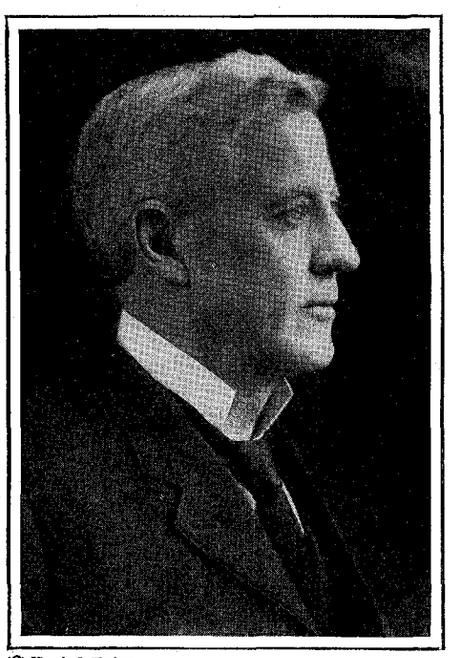
The country is glad to hear that the Senate committee which called on President Wilson to discuss Mexico found "that mentally he is perfectly able to cope with the Mexican question," to use the words of Senator Fall.

One of the first items in our Mexican programme to demand the President's attention has been the resolution introduced in the Senate by Senator Fall asking that the President of the United States be requested to withdraw American recognition of the Carranza Government and to sever all diplomatic relations with it. The President has expressed in a letter his disapproval of that resolution, on the ground that initiative in foreign affairs belongs with the Executive. As a consequence this effort "to aid the President" has been abandoned.

THE NEW SECRETARY OF COMMERCE

Mr. Joshua Willis Alexander, who succeeds Secretary Redfield as Secretary of Commerce, appears to be one of those quiet, non-self-advertising, efficient men whose names do not become familiar to the majority of their countrymen until the value of the service rendered permits elevation to a National post of consequence.

Mr. Alexander has had a wide experience in the realm of trade, and in that part of the realm of trade which relates to commerce. As a member of the House of Representatives and as chairman of the committee of that House on Merchant Marine and Fisheries he had every oppor-



(C) Harris & Ewing

JOSHUA W. ALEXANDER
THE NEW SECRETARY OF COMMERCE

tunity to study the needs and the future of our merchant marine. He certainly has convictions on this important subject, for his most notable statement after his appointment to the Cabinet was announced was to the effect that our merchant marine should be adequate to carry at least sixty per cent of our foreign trade and that we should have a fixed determination to bring our merchant shipping up to that point.

In the honorable rivalry for the international carrying business and the exchange thereby of the commodities of the nations to mutual advantage this country must be prepared to face competition and to build up its foreign commerce in proportion to that increased production of useful commodities which is now the most important effort the Nation can possibly make. Mr. Alexander understands this, and, although he is a Democrat and his party traditionally inclines to freer trade and lower tariffs among the nations, he frankly declares that the new world conditions must be taken into account in all tariff discussion to-day.

With this in view, he has put himself on the basis of favoring a tariff commission and a thorough investigation of present trade conditions as bearing upon the tariff of the future.

The new Secretary of Commerce was in his seventh term as a Representative from Missouri when the nomination to the Secretaryship came to him. Six years ago President Wilson appointed him Chairman of the American Commission to the International Conference on Safety of Life at Sea, which was held in London after the disastrous loss of the Titanic. He is sixty-seven years of age, and has the record of a long and constantly busy career in public life. It is said that probably no one was ever more surprised at a Cabinet appointment than Mr. Alexander when he received a telegram from Mr. Tumulty asking him to take up the question at once. Immediate acceptance of the office was urged upon him, and it was said that he replied: "I am a good soldier; I will take it."

THE COAL SITUATION

As this issue of The Outlook goes to press it is reported that a settlement of the coal strike has been reached and that the officers and representatives of the United Mine Workers have agreed with President John L Lewis in the latter's earlier expressed willingness to accept the compromise suggested by President Wilson.

That the leaders of the miners disregarded the court injunction to stop the strike is charged in the information for criminal contempt of court filed with Judge A. B. Anderson in the United States District Court at Indianapolis against John L. Lewis, William Green, and other officers of the miners' organization. The charge is that, although the strike order was withdrawn, the officers of the union by newspaper interviews and otherwise indirectly encouraged the striking miners to continue their fight.

Immediately after this action a special session of the Federal Grand Jury at Indianapolis was ordered to investigate alleged violations of the Lever Act by both miners and operators. The statement issued by L. Ert Slack, United States District Attorney, said:

"We shall not only insist that the

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coal operators are in league with the miners to violate the Lever Act, but we shall further insist that the coal operators themselves have combined to violate the criminal provisions of the anti-trust acts passed by Congress, and that they have violated such provisions."

This, it should be remembered, is not evidence of wrong-doing, though it is a serious charge from a very important source. It is an indication, however, that in proceeding to enforce the law the United States authorities are making no distinction between wage-earner and employer.

The country was given a taste of war-time conditions again by the restrictions placed on the consumption of coal by the Fuel Administration. Train schedules were reduced, the display of electric advertising curtailed in the great cities, and the bunkering of foreign ships stopped. Non-essential industries were limited to three operating days a week. In some parts of the country theaters and even schools were closed. Restriction in the use of fuel will have to continue probably until production supplies the deficiency due to the strike.

A GREAT STEELMASTER

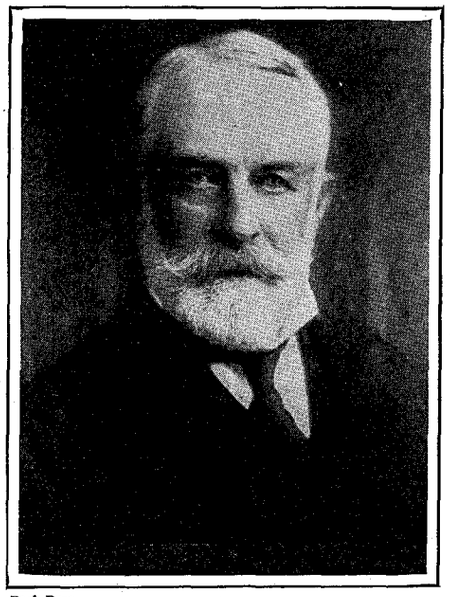
Henry Clay Frick is dead. He was born in West Overton, Pennsylvania, seventy years ago. His father was of Swiss parentage. Young Frick had some common schooling and started life as a dry-goods clerk. He was in a coke-making country, and began to acquire small tracts of land. He started to make coke himself. Eventually he became the largest coke producer in the world.

Of course the coke industry became indispensable to the steel interests of western Pennsylvania. The Carnegie concern also enlisted Mr. Frick's energy. Ultimately he became its chairman and made it the most powerful of its class.

In 1892 occurred the famous Homestead steel strike. At Mr. Frick's request, the sheriff of Allegheny County tried to protect the property, but some four thousand steel workers surrounded the sheriff and his deputies and sent them back to Pittsburgh. Mr. Frick then employed several hundred Pinkertons. There was a battle in which ten men were killed and about sixty wounded, the strikers overwhelming the "Pinks" and disarming the entire force. Finally, no less than eight thousand members of the Pennsylvania State Troops subdued the strikers. Alexander Berkman, an Anarchist, conceiving it his mission to put Frick out of the way, fired two shots, both lodging in the victim's body. Mr. Frick still had strength enough to grapple with the assassin, who thereupon stabbed him three times. Fortunately, the wound was not fatal. Berkman, brought to trial, was sent to prison for twenty-one years, though Mr. Frick interceded for him. After nearly fifteen years Berkman was released, Mr. Frick being one of the signers of the petition. Berkman has recently emerged again into notoriety through the proceedings to deport him.

Mr. Frick was known for two qualities among others: first, his reticence—he was an extremely unapproachable man; second, his generosity—his philanthropies were always carried on with characteristic and painstaking unostentation.

At the time of his death Mr. Frick's wealth was believed to be about $150,000,000. Five-sixths of it he willed to public benefactions—the largest single testamentary gift to the public ever made, and perhaps the largest gift to the public in proportion to the testator's fortune. Aside from his bequests of a great park to Pittsburgh, of $15,000,000 to Princeton University, $5,000,000 each to Harvard and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and gifts to a long list of institutions, including hospitals, many of them in Pittsburgh, he willed to New York City his residence with its art treasures and a sufficient sum for their maintenance. This gift to the city has a total value, it is estimated, of some $65,000,000.



Pach Bros.

HENRY CLAY FRICK

THE CASE OF THE MICHIGAN SENATORIAL ELECTION

Accusation is not conviction. A man may be accused of wrong-doing although he is innocent. The mere fact, therefore, that a man has been indicted ought not in any way to affect public judgment concerning him or his acts. This is not only good law but good sense. And yet a considerable number of people, including some who, through their editorial position, help to direct public opinion, are inclined to think that a man is half convicted if he has been indicted by a grand jury.

This accounts for some of the comment which has appeared in reputable newspapers, and may be heard in conversation, concerning the indictment of United States Senator Truman H. Newberry. Together with a hundred and thirty-five men who participated in his campaign in 1918 against Henry Ford for election to the Senate, Mr. Newberry has been accused of election frauds. In that campaign there was a great deal of money spent. It is declared that the nature of the campaign, and particularly Mr. Ford's access to means of publicity through the organization of his business, made it necessary for the Newberry campaign managers to resort to an immense amount of advertising. It is for the expenditure of the money largely thus used that the indicted men are held to account. It is charged that money was used for unlawful purposes, and that in the filing of the statement concerning the campaign funds there was perjury.

It is to be remembered that Mr. Newberry's case has not been heard. A grand jury does not hear evidence on behalf of the accused. It hears only one side. A plausible case has many a time been made out against an innocent man. Sometimes the accusation is the honest and sincere belief of the accuser, but sometimes it is not. In neither instance is it right that a man's reputation should be smirched by the accusation. In a case like this, where political partisanship is involved, there is special need for remembering that the presumption is not against but is in favor of the man accused.

In this case a presumption of innocence is particularly strong because of Mr. Newberry's record. He has been a servant of his country who has given evidence of his patriotism. In the Spanish War he enlisted in the Navy and served as an enlisted man. Under President Roosevelt he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy from 1905 until just before the close of Mr. Roosevelt's second term, when he was appointed Secretary of the Navy and served to the end of the Roosevelt Administration. When this country went to war against Germany, he again offered his services to his country and received a commission as Lieutenant Commander in the United States Navy Fleet Reserve. Mr. Newberry has been a liberal in his political opinions. In civil life he has had positions of responsibility in railway management, steel manufacturing, and banking.

To say that such a man is to be presumed innocent unless the contrary is proved and established is not to prejudge the case. It is simply to follow the dictates of justice and common sense as well

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as the ancient principle of Anglo-Saxon law.

LADY ASTOR'S TRIUMPH

Viscountess Astor has taken her seat in the House of Commons. She is the first woman to become a lawmaker of the British Empire.

Her husband, Major Astor, had been Member of Parliament from Plymouth. When his father, Viscount Astor, died, Major Astor was automatically moved to the House of Lords. He preferred his seat in the Commons, but could not prevail against tradition. Perhaps he will eventually; as his wife said the other day:

> This is a victory for Plymouth. It was due largely to my husband's labors in Parliament in your behalf. I know he would like very much to be in my place, but, poor old Viscount, I feel sorry for him. He will come back to you some day.

In truth, Lady Astor's victory was not due to Plymouth, and not even due to the feminist movement; it was due to personality. During the past six weeks no character has diverted all Britain and most of America as has she. Her beauty, her quick tongue, her wit, her fine mind, and, above all, the sparks of fire it threw off, have brought about a unanimity of sentiment in England.

This was shown when, at the Guildhall in Plymouth, the town clerk, surrounded by the three candidates for office, read the final figures of the election to them, as required by law. Lady Astor moved a vote of thanks to him for the way in which the counting had been conducted, and was seconded by her Labor and Liberal opponents, the first declaring that her success was due to her deserved personal popularity and the second calling the result "magnificent."

It is magnificent. It means that there is now in the House of Commons a woman—one who has a woman's understanding of the needs of women and children, one who has already given many proofs of that in her establishment of day nurseries and in her fight for pure milk. As she says of herself, "I am not a man of words; I am a woman of action." And again:

> Although I cannot say "the best man," I can say that the best policy won. There are certain people who seem to forget what the fight for the past five years has been about. It was for right, not might, and for fair play in the widest sense. There is a new spirit both in public and in private life which is struggling through. By this I mean the spirit of citizenship and service brought out by the war.
>
> The spirit of the war profiteer and the spirit of the Bolshevist, if they had their way, would make the country not the home of heroes but a den of thieves. The profiteer took advantage of the patriot during the war and the Bolshevist is trying to take advantage of the broken and unsettled patriot now that the war is over. Both must be fought and defeated.

HOW A NEW MEMBER IS RECEIVED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

A new member is ushered into the House of Commons by two sponsors. Many prominent members requested the honor of sponsorship to Lady Astor. She chose Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Balfour. Between them she walked up to the clerk's table, bowing, as is customary, three times to the chair: first, from the door on entering; second, half-way; and,

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PORTRAIT OF LADY ASTOR BY JOHN L. SARGENT

lastly, on reaching the table. Her sponsors left her and she stood alone. It was a historic moment in the history of the Mother of Parliaments.

The clerk presented the new member to the Speaker, whereupon the whole House broke into enthusiastic applause, and when Lady Astor passed out she was overwhelmed by congratulations of Ministers and members of all parties. Later she returned to the House and took a corner seat within arm's reach of the Prime Minister. There is always keen competition for corner seats, and this particular seat was allotted to Lady Astor by courtesy. She cast her first vote against the bill authorizing premium bonds. Later, in the space in front of the Speaker's desk she unwittingly violated etiquette by standing on the far side of the "fence" *and talking* in a low voice with some one on the other side. The Speaker had to call her to order. But the House viewed the transgression with indulgence.

The British Parliament has gained a distinctive personality. America may be proud, not only that the new member was born in this country, but that she has shown in her brilliant campaign the flashing courage, quips, and sallies which we like to think peculiarly our own.

GERMANY: BLUFF OR OBDURACY?

Germany at this writing is facing the necessity of an immediate decision in reply to what amounts to an ultimatum from the Supreme Council. It relates to that interchange of ratifications of the Peace Treaty which would put the Treaty and League in force as regards the ratifying nations, provided that three of the great Allies exchange ratifications with Germany. The belief seems general that Germany's protests and affected indignation at the demand that she comply with her treaty engagements are chiefly "bluff" and that she merely hopes thereby to obtain concessions.

The fallacy and foolishness of the position Germany has taken in this matter is patent. She objects that in the protocols by which the ratification should be accomplished new matter has been inserted. Of course there has been new matter inserted. Take the Scapa Flow case, for instance. Not only was the illegal and audacious scuttling of the ships carried out under the order of a German admiral, and for that reason may rightly be called a German governmental act, but evidence exists going to show that the German Admiralty in Berlin was an accomplice in the deed. Is it to be imagined for one moment that Germany is to escape penalty for insults and injuries committed during the armistice and since the signing of the Treaty, so that they could not possibly be included in Treaty stipulations? Another absurd objection made by Germany regards actual Treaty stipulations. It is the handing over by Germany for trial of individual German officers and men accused of atrocious conduct. To this Germany agreed in signing the Treaty; to say now that she will not ratify it is simply to ask for a new treaty. But the Allies will not give Germany a new treaty; the armistice was so arranged that, as was perfectly understood, the Allies were to dictate terms, not to dicker with Germany as to terms.

It may be possible that there is something tangible and real behind Noske's assertion that he will not sign the protocol. But he is only Minister of Defense, not the German Government, and it is more than probable that this attitude simply means a change of Ministry, which is the ordinary way of letting a government down easily. It is true that despatches from Berlin of December 9 aver that only the Independent Socialists in Germany want the protocol accepted. One German newspaper asserts that,

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apart from the Socialists, "there is, thank God, unanimity from Right to Left, contrasting with the sharp division of opinion occasioned by the signing of the Peace Treaty."

Military resistance by Germany to the military enforcement by the Allies of their intention is hardly conceivable. Foch is ready. If Germany insists that the Allies occupy Germany and administer it for the world's good and Germany's, it must be done.

It is not surprising, however, that Germany has in this present resistance, and in many other ways, lately shown a rising feeling that she can do as she pleases. There has been a distinct gain in the party of Imperial reaction in Germany. Tributes to Hindenburg, assertions that the Socialists were near the end of their régime, declarations that Germany was suited only for an autocratic government, and the whole tone of the German press, notably that of the cartoonists, indicate this feeling.

Why does it exist? Simply because the Supreme Council all through the armistice time has dallied and talked and refused to take action wherever action was necessary to enforce its decrees. Russia is the most deplorable and most threatening of these situations; to-day the armies of the anti-Bolsheviki are crumbling away because they did not have support from the Allies at a time when support was positively and urgently needed. The same thing is true of other indefensible acts of aggression or incursion of territory on the part of the smaller nations west of Russia—Hungary, Ukrainia, Poland, and the like. We are not arguing here as to the merits of any of these questions, but simply pointing out that the Supreme Council, instead of enforcing its decree, has acted like a parent who threatens his boy every day but never carries out the punishment.

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THE SECOND INDUSTRIAL CONFERENCE AT WASHINGTON

Left to right, sitting: Julius Rosenwald, President of Sears, Roebuck & Co.; Henry C. Stuart, former Governor of Virginia; Samuel H. McCall, former Governor of Massachusetts; Thomas W. Gregory, former U. S. Attorney-General; Stanley King, Secretary of the W. E. McElwain Shoe Company, of Boston; Secretary of Labor William B. Wilson, Chairman. Standing: Richard Hooker, of Springfield, Mass.; Martin Glynn, former Governor of New York; Herbert Hoover; W. O. Thompson, President of Ohio State University; Oscar Straus, Secretary of Commerce under Mr. Roosevelt; George W. Wickersham, former U. S. Attorney-General; Henry M. Robinson, lawyer, of Pasadena, Cal.; Professor F. W. Taussig; O. D. Young, Vice-President General Electric Co., of New York

THE SECOND NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL CONFERENCE

On December 1 the new conference, called by President Wilson to study the industrial situation in its broad aspects and to consider and suggest remedies for the existing difficulties and problems, met at Washington. The list of delegates as here given in connection with the group picture has many names of men in whom the general public have confidence. There are no delegates who can be distinctively described as representing officially organized labor. The same thing is, we judge, substantially true as regards the absence of names of men chosen specifically to represent the capitalists. The total and almost ludicrous failure of President Wilson's first Industrial Conference was, as every one knows, caused chiefly by the attempt to assemble three forces, standing collectively, one for capital, one for labor, and one for the public. Each group voted as a whole and consulted by itself as to action to be taken in the general conference.

Such an attempt was foredoomed to failure by its very composition. It may be added that the least representative of the three groups was that which was supposed to represent the public at large. Many of the names of the present members are such as will inspire strong confidence from the general public. At the first meeting Mr. Wilson, Secretary of Labor, was chosen permanent chairman and Mr. Herbert Hoover was made permanent vice-chairman.

Some unfavorable comment has been caused by the decision of this Industrial Conference to hold its sessions, for the present at least, behind closed doors. Secretary Wilson offered the following explanation of this decision: "Men are free to think out loud if there are no newspaper men present. They can change their minds before the final decision without being charged with inconsistency. In executive sessions they can keep their minds open until the final conclusion. They do not have their minds hardened by making certain statements. Therefore they are left free to change."

The public will await with interest and with hope, not entirely dimmed by the unfortunate outcome of the first conference, that the outcome of this discussion of critical conditions and basic principles by this group of men will result in something practical and workable.

MR. LANE'S ADVICE

The main feature of the annual report of Secretary Lane of the Department of the Interior is his discussion of coal, electricity, and petroleum as the three sources of light, heat, and power. We need to adopt certain constructive policies affecting their production and distribution.

Of course, as Mr. Lane says, "the coal strike has brought concretely before us the disturbing fact that modern society is so involved that we live virtually by unanimous consent;" let less than one-half of one per cent of our population quit digging coal, and we are threatened with pestilence and famine, with industries closed, railways stopped, streets dark, houses freezing.

The problem of the coal strike, as Mr. Lane justly assumes, is not to be solved until we know more about the manner in which coal is taken from its bed and brought to our cellars. Some of the aspects of this process of production are described in Mr. Mason's staff correspondence in last week's issue of The Outlook.

We have been treating coal, the Secretary points out, as if it were a thing exclusively for home use. But "the world wants our coal, envies us for having it, fears us because of it." Therefore it should be saved. We treat coal, moreover, as if it were all alike, not selected by nature for specific uses; "there is coal for coke and coal for furnaces and coal for house use, and coal adapted for one kind of boiler and a different kind of coal for a different kind of boiler. Therefore we should discriminate in coal." But chiefly, so it seems to us, there is the problem of using coal either in the

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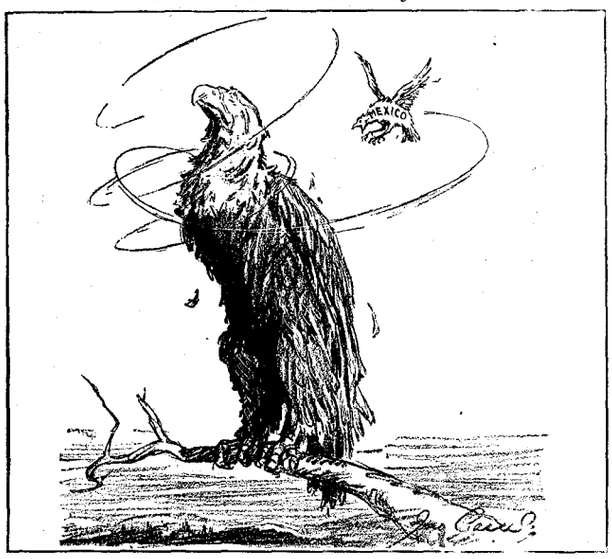
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Cassel in the New York Evening World



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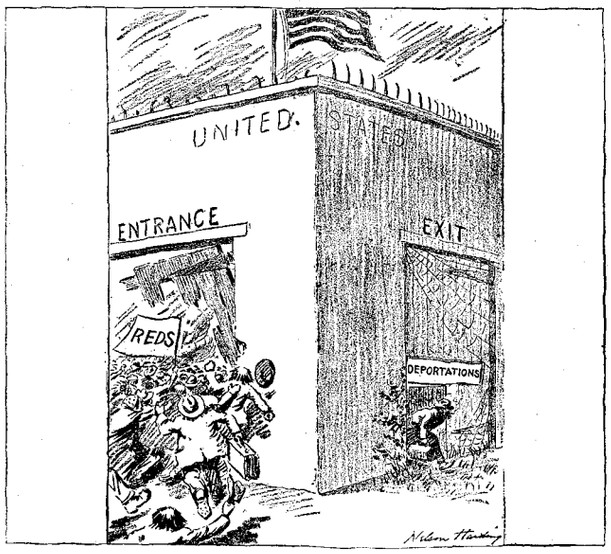
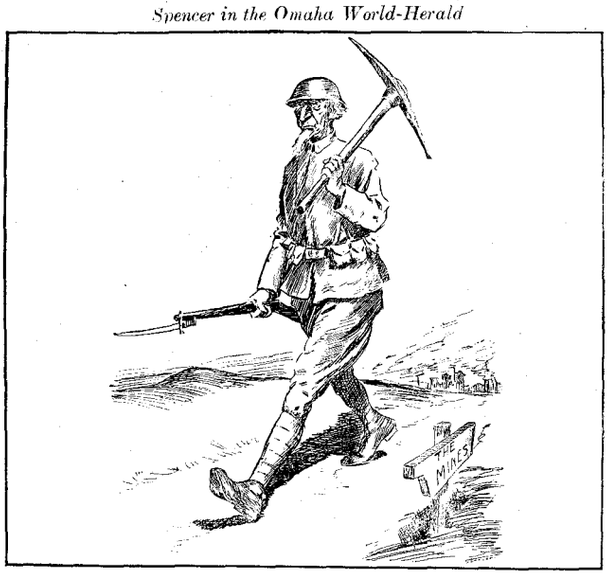
A PATIENT BIRD!

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



IMPORTS AND EXPORTS

Spencer in the Omaha World-Herald

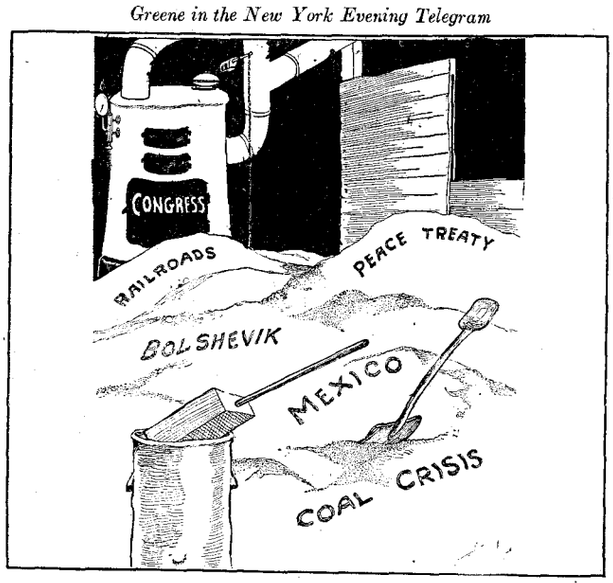


"WE'LL JUST SEE IF ANYONE CAN FORCE US INTO SUBMISSION!"

Thiele in the Sioux City Tribune

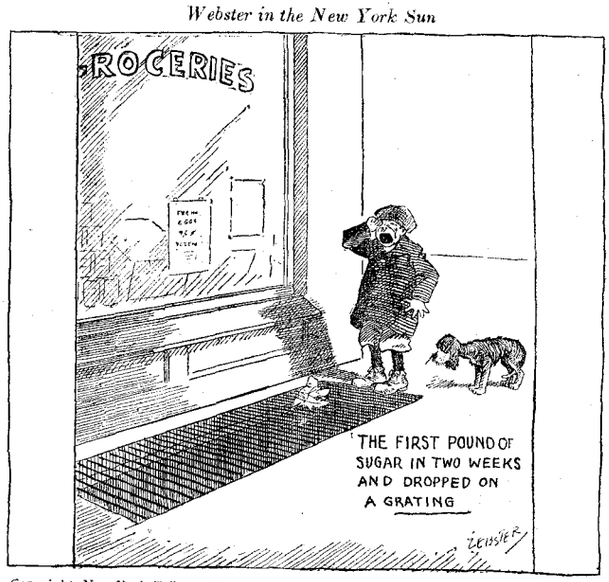
"KE-EEP THE HOME FIRES BUR-NING!"

Greene in the New York Evening Telegram



ASHES IN THE HOUSE OF DELAY

Webster in the New York Sun



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LIFE'S DARKEST MOMENT

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form of steam or in what Mr. Lane calls "the more exalted form" of electric current. "The wastefulness of steam-power as contrasted with electric power is a real challenging problem." The substitutes for coal are not only the water-power possibilities of our land resulting in electricity, but also the oil possibilities. We should save coal by using both. We should save it, to quote Mr. Lane, "if for no better reason than that we may sell it to a coal-hungry world. We should develop water-power as an inexhaustible substitute for coal. . . . New petroleum supplies have become a National necessity, so quickly have we adapted ourselves to this new fuel."

The fuel question, indeed, is as fundamental as is the railway question, and, as Mr. Lane points out, is even more complex. The three fuel industries—coal, electricity, oil—are in reality but a single industry, and we should treat them as one.

TWO PAINTERS

Two painters have just died, Auguste Renoir and Julian Alden Weir. They were alike in some respects. Both were versatile, attempting portraiture, figure work, genre, landscape, flower-and-fruit painting. Both struggled against wooden tradition. In their respective countries both became leaders of the impressionistic school. Both succeeded in original, luminous, and skillful handling of color. Perhaps the adjective "great" may not be applied to either, but certainly to most of their works one may apply the word "exquisite." The masterpieces of both hang in that greatest museum for the works of modern artists, the Luxembourg at Paris; in addition, in this country one has but to visit the public galleries of New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Providence, Worcester, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, and Chicago to become acquainted with Weir.

In color, however, the two men showed distinctive desires. Renoir's is by turns delicate and violent; we see this especially in his depiction of the nude; so subtly did he render the effect of light upon flesh as to make it warm and supple as seen in his peculiarly palpitating, voluptuous color; though he showed no great conscientiousness as to drawing, we forget not only the defects of perspective, but also the painter's commonplace rendering of rocks, sea, sky, or whatever surrounded the figure. Weir, the less dramatic artist, depended for the total impression made by his pictures on the harmonious arrangement of masses. Thus in viewing them one feels a certain restful sense; apparently there has been, it seems, no strain of effort; one feels as if their creator was a man of supreme artistic discrimination. As The Outlook said of him years ago:

> Mr. Weir might well be called the painters' painter. His greatest fame lies not with the crowd in the street, but among the intelligent members of his own craft. One reason for this is because his delicate art does not appeal to the crowd. It does not usually "tell a story."

Renoir was the son of a Limoges tailor, Weir the son of a West Point professor of drawing. Weir founded the Society of American Artists and helped to form the group known as the "Ten American Painters." In 1915 he was elected to the presidency of the National Academy of Design, of which he had been a member for twenty-eight years.

To show the rise in the estimated value of works of art, Renoir's "Pont Neuf," which he sold for a few hundred francs, changed hands the day before he died for a hundred thousand francs.

A SLUGGING BOXER

From the time of the Greeks boxing has always been an honored sport, and rightly so. When two men try each other's strength with only the weapons nature has given them, under rules carefully framed to sustain that fairness which is the essence of the spirit of chivalry, then courage, decision, generosity, and the best qualities of manhood are often developed. But boxing is one thing, prize-fighting is another. It is a satisfaction, therefore, to see now and then a man conducting himself in the prize ring as if his prime aim were not the prize, but rather to satisfy his love of a fair fight.

Such a man is Georges Carpentier, who, by his sensational victory over Joe Beckett, champion of England, attains undisputed title to the heavyweight championship of Europe.

When Carpentier met Beckett in London, the odds ranged from 7 to 4 to 3 to 1 on Beckett. The Englishman was taller, heavier, and, above all, was supposed to have a more powerful punch. Carpentier's superior quickness and cleverness were conceded. But the wiseacres believed that the greater brawn of the Briton was sure to win. Never were experts more deceived, never did a championship battle end more sensationally. Some seventy seconds of the first round, in which he delivered only four or five blows, culminating in a terrific right to the jaw, were all that Carpentier needed to demonstrate his superiority. It was a clean knockout.

Of course the very pugilistic experts who had predicted that Beckett's brawn would win the match hastened to explain that Carpentier's skill and fistic agility had been underestimated even by his friends. It was another case, they said, of a boxer versus a slugger, another Corbett-Sullivan fight.

But this is not the whole explanation. Georges Carpentier is more than a boxer. He is a slugging boxer, whose skill and speed do not exist at the expense of strength. The young Frenchman has shown before that he can hit hard. Carpentier has ended many of his fights with knockouts, including his battles with Pat O'Keefe, the famous English middleweight, and with Bombardier Wells, former English heavyweight champion. As a heavyweight pugilist Carpentier is almost unique in that he fought at practically all the lesser weights before reaching his present stature.

So much for the pugilistic side of Georges Carpentier. The human side is no less interesting. When the war began between France and Germany, the young athletic idol of France proved that he could fight with deadlier weapons than fists. He served his country throughout the war with such conspicuous ability that he received the Médaille Militaire, the highest decoration which can be conferred on a soldier of France. The property in which the French boxer had invested his savings was practically destroyed by the German occupation. With the war over, Carpentier found himself with slight means of livelihood available except a return to the brilliant ring career which he abandoned in 1914. But instead of tackling a few lesser lights and gradually working up to the best condition, as a smaller man would have done, Carpentier selected as his first opponent the champion of Great Britain. Seventy seconds sufficed to prove that he had lost none of his old skill, and seventy seconds sufficed to bring him the capital he wanted to repair the damages to his mining property at Lens wrought by the Germans. Whether you approve of prize-fighting or not, here is a man for you, here is a romance.

WHEN THE WORLD BUSTS THROUGH ON CHRISTMAS

WE all remember James Whitcomb Riley's plaintive query as to what would happen "when the world busts through." The phrase may be said to have an application not intended by the poet.

Psychologists tell us that we are always sitting on our primitive selves and that the effect of this repression is something like that of sitting on the safety-valve of a boiler—explosions occur.

What many of these psychologists forget to tell us is that most of us sit on other things besides our primitive selves.

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We are afraid to let loose the good as well as the bad. We are all too much inclined to follow the example of the artist in the familiar story. It is told of him that one day while he was painting a portrait a man came into the room. The artist eyed him quietly.

"Mornin', Bill," the man said.

"Morning, John," said the artist. The artist went on painting without looking up from his work.

Finally, after a long pause, the man said, "Well, so long, Bill."

"Well, so long, John," said the artist.

After the man had left the room, the artist threw down his brushes and exclaimed, "Good heavens, I was glad to see that man! He's my brother, and I haven't seen him for ten whole years."

Christmas provides just the kind of safety-valve that we need to get the good will out of our system. We find it easy to be cheerful and pleasant on Christmas, because other people are also cheerful and pleasant. It does not set us apart from our fellow-men if on Christmas Day we acknowledge the fact that there may be some such thing as love in the world.

There's your Cousin John. For six months both of you have been secretly hoping that the other poor fool would be generous enough to forget a silly grudge. Neither of you have had the sense nor the courage to take the first step. On Christmas, however, one of you may find it easier to be man enough to send the other a box of cigars with the cousinly remark, "I hope they choke you." But the ice will have been broken and you can once more resume a relationship which should never have been broken.

There's your Aunt Maria. You have gradually drifted away from her since the time when you used to rob her cooky jar. It isn't that you didn't want to see her. You have grown into the habit of not seeing her, and the things you have left undone have made it increasingly hard to do the things you would. But you can slide back into her good graces and your own self-respect on the easy track of Christmas flowers. It will be harder next time to dodge the payment of that regard which you really want to show her.

There's your small nephew George. You remember the unkind remarks that you made about his noisy drum on his birthday. But all the time you had a secret feeling that drums were made for boys, and boys were made for noise, and that in showing your displeasure you showed that you had drifted further than you thought from the spirit which keeps all of us young. So you go out and buy little George a drum twice the size of that which you asked his father to step on.

Christmas is a safety-valve, a day on which all of us can unblushingly "let the world bust through."

HAVE WE FORGOTTEN FRANCE?

FOR four years France was the chief defender of our liberties.

While we debated and hesitated and hugged our comforts and our prosperity, France was fighting the Hun on the frontiers of freedom.

While England got ready, France fought.

When Russia collapsed, still France fought.

While we were taking our time about arming ourselves adequately, France fought on unyielding.

Is it strange that France should ask for safeguards? We have done our part, but we have taken our troops away; and still France with her unhealed wounds remains on guard. The safeguards that she asked for have been denied her. In their place she received promises. She was assured that her friends, England and America, would come to her aid if she were attacked. Much to her credit, she preferred friendship to fortifications.

But having renounced the safeguards she sought, is she going to lose also the safeguard she was offered?

Since last July there has been reposing in the Senate the Treaty by which America was to agree to go to the aid of France in the case of unprovoked attack upon her. This was what we were to give France instead of the more tangible things she asked. Let that Treaty be brought to life. America cannot afford by neglect of an ally to intimate that guns are more trustworthy than her fidelity.

ART AFTER THE WAR

EVEN while the guns were demolishing villages and churning the land, men within the very sound of those guns were at work building. The whole countryside might be stricken as if with pestilence, but wherever military necessity demanded there ran through that worse than desert roads which men built under shell fire and then kept in repair. One of the inevitable results of war, visible even while war rages and inescapable as soon as war subsides, is this process of reconstruction.

After such a war as this, which is not yet technically at an end, the need of reconstruction extends beyond the region that shell-fire could reach. Those roads of France were symbols of men's minds. No one can read the literature produced in the trenches without realizing that just as men were busy reconstructing the highways across the devastated land, so men were busy building in their minds new paths for their thoughts to take the place of paths that had been obliterated by their war experiences. And just as the end of the war has released energy for the reconstruction of material things destroyed or displaced, so the end of the war has offered a new opportunity for the reconstruction of men's minds.

This, which seems commonplace enough, and so obvious as scarcely to bear the saying of it, is, like many another obvious thing, likely to be overlooked by those who are nearest to it and ought to see it most clearly. The age of reconstruction is distinctively the age of the artist. Primarily the artist is a builder, a creator. Whether the material he handles be pigment or clay or brick or imponderable sound, what he builds is ideas.

Indeed, there is nothing to-day so essential to the world as its art. Even the prophet and teacher of religion cannot avail unless he either has in him the creative power of the artist or can enlist that creative power in the service of the ideas he promulgates. The educator must be an artist, otherwise he will be simply a hearer of lessons or the keeper of a place of detention. The political leader must exercise the function of the artist if he would create new forms of law or of political action to meet the new situation. Whoever, in fact, is to have any creative part in reconstructing what the war has injured or replacing with something better what the war has destroyed, will succeed only to the degree to which he follows the laws and principles which it is the business of the artist to discover and in his product to reveal.

There still lurks in the minds of many Americans, undoubtedly, the idea that an artist is a sort of super-entertainer, and that art is a form of restful amusement. Pictures, from this point of view, exist to provide relaxation for the tired business man who has the money to buy them; music is a counter-irritant to the cares and worries of the day or a soporific for soothing overstimulated nerves. According to this view, there is no important distinction between good and bad art. If it amuses, relaxes, stimulates, or otherwise entertains and refreshes people, it is sufficiently good for its purpose.

There lurks too in the minds of many people who regard themselves as artists the idea that art is primarily for the self-satisfaction of the artist; that it is good to the degree that it expresses the emotion which the artist wants to express. Pictures, from this point of view, are but projections of whatever is in the soul or mind or nerves of the person who paints them. Music is the audible cry of the composer's spirit, whatever it may be. This idea of art ignores the interests of the tired business man, just as the business man's idea of art ignores the yearnings of the artist; but the two ideas have this in common—that the good or bad in

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art is a matter of comparative indifference. From neither point of view has the artist any need of a conscience or a standard.

In either of these senses art is a trivial thing. It is equally a silly luxury for the seeker of entertainment and for the person who imagines himself an artist because his emotions are too much for him. In a nation engaged in the serious business of finding order in the chaos that war has created and setting to rights the things that war has set askew, men with a sense of responsibility are rightly impatient with those who talk about art at such a time, if art is nothing more than a means of entertainment or a sort of emotional safety valve.

Art, however, is not a luxury; it is a necessity. It supplies to men the satisfaction of a craving as great as hunger or thirst. From time immemorial men have faced a world of chaos as we are facing it to-day. They have tried to think their way through the tangle, and those who have thought the most clearly they have hailed as their philosophers. They have groped their way to faith in an order underneath all this disorder, and those who have brought them the clearest light of faith they have hailed as their prophets. But men have not been satisfied, they never will be satisfied, with merely hearing about this order and beauty which they are convinced exists somewhere. They want that order and beauty made real to them. They want it in a form that they can live with; and those among them who have taken out of this chaos and disorder material out of which they have built forms of beauty and order and truth they have hailed as artists. Whether it be a cathedral or a poem, whether it be a statue or a symphony, whatever creation of man embodies this conception of order in a way that gives lasting satisfaction to that craving for order, men have kept and cherished. And every epoch in history has supplied its own embodiment of this conception; for each generation of men in its turn has discovered chaos and disorder for itself and has therefore wanted its own disproof of what it has seen in its own ugly present.

To the very extent to which America needs to rebuild her mind after the war, to that extent she needs a pattern according to which she can build. This is no time for men capable of being artists to devote their gifts to the service of the tired business man or to the indulgence of their own emotional appetite. It is the time for the artist to be what he may be—the leader of a people through the wilderness to a promised land.

THE ONLY SUBJECT ON WHICH GENERAL WOOD MAY SPEAK

THE Presidential campaign approaches. Candidates are being weighed and discussed. Few would be so bold at this time as to attempt to prophesy concerning the final ticket to be presented by either of the great National parties. This is the beginning of the open season for favorite sons. Soon they will be seen perched by every roadside, eagerly inviting a well-aimed shot from some of our political gunners.

One thing is notable, however, and that is whenever the conversation turns to prospective candidates for the Republican nomination the question is always asked, "Well, what do you think of General Wood?" The interest and attention which are being devoted to the possibility of General Wood's nomination are something more than what is accorded to the other prospective and expectant nominees. General Wood's position is built on something firmer than the acclaim that comes to a man from a single successful dramatic gesture or from the reputation deservedly won by any Governor within the confines of his own State. General Wood is one of the few men in either party whose reputation is National and based upon a long term of public service, which is one of the reasons why the talk of his candidacy varies in quality and quantity from the talk of the candidacy of other men who have only the standing of "favorite sons."

Those who are attempting to answer the question, "What do you think of General Wood?" are handicapped by the fact that, while he has long been before the American public, he is an army officer, and army officers wisely may not discuss Governmental policies within this Republic of ours. This is a taboo which General Wood has always loyally obeyed. We cannot hope for any statement from him in regard to the questions of the day unless he should see fit to resign from the service.

There is one subject, however, upon which he has been recently permitted to speak. Called before the Committee on Military Affairs of the Senate, he had an opportunity to state his views on a proper military policy for the United States, and from the statement of his views the reader can infer much as to his attitude towards some of the broad problems of our Governmental policy.

There are those who have expressed the fear that because General Wood was an officer of the Regular Army he would favor an undue expansion of that organization. What will they find if they turn to his own words?

The Army We Need

The General Staff asks for a Regular Army of half a million. General Pershing desires an army of at least three hundred thousand. Here is what General Wood wants: "We must maintain an efficient Regular Army, adequate to the peace needs of the United States, including what are known as the insular possessions, Panama, and Alaska. I can find no reason for recommending an Army whose strength will be in excess of 225,000 men, or at most 250,000. I can find no reason whatever for the larger Army recommended by the War Department Bill; that is to say, if we are to follow our traditional policy. If we are to undertake new responsibilities, of which I know nothing, then the size of the Army will necessarily have to correspond to the military policy of the Nation. I think that universal training for National service should be made a part of our military policy, and that once this is adopted we shall be able to reduce very materially the Regular Army below the possible maximum that I have mentioned, namely, 250,000. We should prepare and hold in reserve the necessary equipment and supplies for a force of approximately 4,000,000 men. That is essentially the recommendation I made at one of the last hearings I had here before the war, as I remember it."

Six Months' Universal Training Enough

The system of universal training which General Wood desires is one which calls for six months in the training camps, with repetition courses for non-commissioned and commissioned officers. Does General Wood want all these recruits trained under Regular Army officers? He does not. He says: "I think from eighty to ninety per cent of the officers engaged in the training of the men who come to the training camps each year should be drawn in from the reserves. We must develop those reserve officers and keep them thoroughly up in their work. There is no better way to do this than to use them at the training camps. If you adopt a system under which all the training is to be done by the Regular Army, you will have a system which will not meet with public approval; one which will be largely impracticable, and which is unnecessarily expensive. . . .

"We are confronted by two alternative propositions. One really is a real citizens' army, in which we use the officers as they are developed to develop others, all under the direction and co-ordination of the Regular Army. The Regular Army will be the nucleus of the training force; but if you are going to

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have an efficient citizens' army, you must use these reserve officers in every department of the training, because that will be one of the most important means of continuing them in efficient condition, well trained."

Training for Citizenship

What is it that General Wood hopes to accomplish by these six months' training? Is he purely interested in the training of Americans as a military necessity? We can judge what General Wood hopes for from a system of universal training from what he himself attempted and accomplished when he trained two divisions of the National Army. Of the social value of training and of the way this training should be handled, General Wood spoke as follows to the Senatorial Committee: "I do not believe the people understand to what an extent the man's economical efficiency and citizenship value is increased by the training. The man comes out of the training camps—there are rare exceptions, but one can say almost invariably—better physically. He comes out with a better co-ordinated mind and muscle; he has learned habits of promptness, personal neatness, respect for authority, respect for the law, respect for the rights of other people; he has learned to do things when told and as told, and to do them with promptness and exactness. His real efficiency as an industrial force has been vastly increased. It has been increased in an all-around way, and to a greater extent than it would have been by an equal period of purely technical training, for you have given him a vigorous physique and co-ordinated mind and muscle. You have made him a straight-thinking, prompt-acting man, one who does things promptly and thoroughly—one who, in short, is a better working force.

"If you are looking only for industrial value, this training will increase it more than anything else; and above and beyond all this you have made him, through association, one who knows the various elements which go to make up our population, one who has learned the value of men at their true worth, one in whom the narrow prejudices of locality, religion, environment, have been largely ironed out. You have taught him to respect the law and the constituted authorities. You have made him a better American, and one better fitted to take up successfully the life struggle in our country.

"In Kansas I had the opportunity to try out for a short time a plan for training in addition to pure military training. Camp Funston happened to be near the Kansas State Agricultural College, a large establishment with ample shops and the usual university curriculum. The university opened its shops to our men, and we put some hundreds in the machine shops. It also opened its classes, and filled many of them with men from camp. The university professors came to Funston and gave lectures on agriculture in its various phases and departments, such as soil fertilization, crop raising, etc. They also sent professors to camp who gave lectures on critical periods of American history, economics, industrial questions; in other words, it was a short but very interesting and successful attempt to show what could be done during a period of training outside of and in addition to the purely military work. Our activities were terminated only by the demobilization of the division."

The Moral and Physical Value of Training

Of the value of military training for the alien and the physical defective, General Wood said: "I think it is one

(C) Underwood & Underwood
GENERAL LEONARD WOOD

of the strongest forces for Americanization we have. Then again there is another very important benefit which comes from assembling the men in camp; that is the cleaning up of the men who suffer from vice diseases and returning them to civil life no longer menaces to their fellowmen. We had large numbers of men with venereal diseases. Then, again, there were many men who had minor physical defects, who in many instances were benefited and in many cured by the treatment and exercise given them in camp. Their improvement in physical condition sent them back to civil life much more efficient industrial and economic factors than they were before—better all-around men. Those who did not speak English were taught English, and a systematic effort was made to Americanize them, to impress upon them the spirit of our institutions, and to prepare them to take up with added vigor and increased intelligence the duties of an American citizen in time of peace."

American Equality

We have seldom seen a finer definition of the fundamental purpose of democracy than General Wood's encomium of universal training, which we quote:

"The men learn to measure each other by the way they do the day's work, by the way they conduct themselves, by their bearing toward others. It is one of the finest Americanization influences we have ever had. Take these men, standing in the ranks, dressed alike, living under the same discipline, actuated by common purpose—and that a lofty one—to prepare themselves to serve their country in case of need, stripped of every distinction except those which come from physique, character, and education, and you have something of that brotherhood of man which comes from community of purpose, surrounding, and effort. There they stand—on the basis of share and share alike. There is nothing left of distinction, living, wealth, or family. No one knows who his neighbor's parents are, or cares. They take the man for what he is. Each man stands for himself. The men get a truer view of life, a better idea of the elements which go to make the American people."

Civilian Control

Any fear that a man whose ideas of military training are expressed in such language as this might fail to appreciate the civilian point of view is, of course, groundless. Added proof, however, of the fundamental soundness of General Wood's attitude towards the principles of our Government can be found in a reply which General Wood made to a question from Senator Chamberlain. The Senator was inquiring into the advisability of making an appropriation for the Army in a lump sum, turning this money over to the General Staff to utilize as they saw fit. To a question whether General Wood would favor such action, he replied: "No, sir. Such authority may be used wisely and well at times, but we must not divorce Army control entirely from the control of the civil authorities of the Government. This Government, if it is going to endure, must be conducted under the traditional safeguards which surround our form of government."

There is one more quotation from General Wood's testimony which, while it does not bear particularly upon General Wood's philosophy of government, is not without its significance. Asked by Senator Chamberlain whether he had been consulted as to the bill introduced at the instance of the General Staff, General Wood replied: "No, sir. I am not aware of any questions having been asked me or opinion requested during the last two years on Army organization."

General Wood's strength with the country does not rest in any way upon the treatment which made this quiet and soldierly reply an unpleasant necessity; but if it does happen that he is made a candidate for the Presidency, at least the treatment which he has received will not injure his cause. Emerson might have found in the career of General Wood material for an additional paragraph in his essay on "Compensation."

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KANSAS GETS COAL

HOW OVERSEAS MEN, COLLEGE STUDENTS, SONS OF MILLIONAIRES, FARMERS, AND OTHER HUSKY YOUNG AMERICANS STARTED DIGGING AND STAYED ON THE JOB

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM F. C. TRIGG

GOVERNOR ALLEN of Kansas is trying an experiment in Americanism. He has called for volunteers to go into the coal fields of that State and dig sufficient coal to avert a coal famine. The response to the appeal has been quite wonderful, or, as Governor Allen himself says, "just what you would expect of a red-blooded American State."

When it became apparent that Kanaas would suffer a shortage of fuel after the strike of the coal miners, and a speedy settlement of the dispute between the operators and the miners seemed hopeless, Governor Allen announced that "some one is going to dig coal to prevent suffering in the State. If not the miners, the people themselves will do it. This is not the State to suffer for coal with coal at its very door."

The preliminary step was for the Governor to appear before the State Supreme Court and ask that body to appoint receivers under the law against combinations in restraint of trade. That was the only law on the Kansas statute books approaching the granting of sufficient powers to the State to take over the mines. As a matter of fact, the Court acted rather upon the broad grounds of public policy than upon specific statutes, and appointed the receivers. Governor Allen then went before the miners in a personal appeal for them to return to work for the State. In meetings held in little halls in the mining camps, meetings which the Governor himself appointed, he spoke to the various groups of them. He made the following offers, which he guaranteed the good faith of the State to carry out:

First, that the miners return to work at the old wage which prevailed before the strike.

Second, that the receivers would pay them the old wage until such time as the representatives of the operators and the representatives of the miners, then in session at Washington, should agree upon a new scale. That when the agreement was reached finally, it would become retroactive to the day the miners first returned to work, the State undertaking to see that the back pay was paid them before the mines were released to the operators.

Third, that in case the agreement was not reached by January 1, 1921, the receivers for the State would then take up with the representatives of the miners the question of a new wage scale, based upon the cost of mining as ascertained by the receivers during the period of State operation. And that the new wage agreed upon between the State and the miners should also become retroactive, dating back to the day the miners returned to work.

The miners rejected the offer. Governor Allen gave them one week for consideration. The time expired on Monday, November 24. On that day Governor Allen called for volunteers to go into the strip-pit mines and dig coal. He offered a wage of five dollars per day, which afterwards was increased by fourteen per cent, the price offered by the operators as suggested by the Cabinet and by Dr. Garfield, fuel administrator for the Government.

The character of the men who responded to the appeal (and more than five thousand offered their services) is a lesson in Americanism. The call issued by the Governor at the first was for "one thousand husky young Americans, accustomed to out-of-door employment and hard work."

As a result, in the strip-pits of the coal fields in southeastern Kansas to-day, digging coal out of the dirt and grime, is the most promising collection of young American manhood seen in a collective body since the American Army was mobilized in 1917.

In one pit are forty young men from Wichita, some of them the sons of millionaires and some of them approaching the title of millionaire in their own right. Driving a pit car which is pulled by two sorry-looking pit mules is David Jackman, Secretary of the Kansas Milling Company of Wichita. Another is Eugene Stanley, son of a former Governor of Kansas. Until a few weeks ago, Stanley was on the staff of General Leonard Wood, wearing the uniform of a first lieutenant. Another was Frank A. Carr, assistant cashier of the Kansas National Bank of Wichita. The majority of them in this mine, as well as in all other mines, were overseas men in the late war.

In another pit is a crew of forty undergraduates from Kansas University. Their captain is "Wint" Smith, an overseas man, and president of the senior class of the University this year. Five or six of them were members of this year's University football team.

Another pit is manned by a body of young men from the State Agricultural College.

The young men came into Pittsburg, the headquarters of the coal fields, on Monday morning, December 1. They were preceded by two companies of Federal troops and by a regiment of the Kansas National Guard. Not that there had been any violent outbreaks, but because the officials of the United Mine Workers of America, here in Pittsburg, had announced that they would be treated as "scabs" and "strike-breakers." Governor Allen believed it not right to ask the young men of the State to enlist in a public service of this character and subject them to any danger of attack or even of insult.

The volunteers arrived in the trail of a cold snap amounting almost to the proportions of a Kansas blizzard. The weather was freezing cold. The pits were filled with ice which covered the coal veins. Under these circumstances the young men were housed in ordinary dog-tents, hastily set up, and slept the first night in the tents under one blanket. They were rationed "army style" at a mess tent, where they stood in line for breakfast with the temperature down to fourteen degrees above zero. Yet there was not a murmur. They "kidded" each other about their situation, ate their meal out of a regulation mess-kit, out of doors, and then said, "Lead us to that coal pit." The character of the men is best judged by the fact that, having to put up with such tremendous inconveniences, not a man deserted.

Under ordinary circumstances not a strip-pit in the Kansas fields would have been in operation for a single day last week. The regular miner would have refused to work. Mine superintendents say the mines would not even have opened for work, aside from the fact of the strike, in such weather. Not more than five per cent of the men engaged in the work as volunteers under the Governor's call responded because of the wages offered, if, indeed, there is so large a per cent as that among them. They do not want to stay. They want the miners to return to their jobs, and the miners will be welcome to them when the strike is settled. There are perhaps one thousand young Kansans in the fields as volunteers. Four times that number are on the waiting list. They are engineers from the colleges, lawyers, bond brokers, professional men of almost every kind, and farmers. Not less than seventy-five undergraduates from the State University, one hundred from the Agricultural College, fifty from Baker University, and perhaps one hundred from the other colleges of the State, are digging coal, running the machinery of the mines, or taking some other part in the operations.

When the men began to dig coal there was some question as to whether the railway employees would handle the trains loaded with coal mined by the volunteers. Governor Allen visited one of the mines one day and in talking with the men suggested that the only thing that would keep Kansas from getting coal would be a strike of the railway men.

"If the railway men strike," one man said, "remember that we can run railway trains as easily as we can dig coal. We are here to see this thing through with you, Governor."

Pittsburg, Kansas, December 5, 1919.

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The Bear Cubs and the Phonograph

A Christmas Fantasy by F. S. Church

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

Old mother bear gave her cubs a good washing

OLD mother bear took her two cubs down to the stream and gave them a good washing, then they all came back to their home and she took down her banjo and played and sang that good old foolish tune:

> Mother, may I go out to swim?
> Yes, you can, my daughter.
> Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
> But don't go near the water.

Then they ate their dinner and she went to sleep.

Being a musician of good standing, she had a nice phonograph with a bag of records, and they liked it, and she let them play on it once in a while.

She being asleep and they wanting some music, they took it down by the stream. It was a small stream, a brook, in fact, which emptied into a big river, but they didn't know that.

They put the phonograph down, and just as they were about to start it they saw a little boat come floating down the stream without any one in it, and they waded out and got it, and there were two paddles in it, and they said, "Let's take a ride," and they got in and took the phonograph in the boat, and off they went. It was great fun, and the record they had put on and started playing was "A Life on the Ocean Wave, a Home on the Briny Deep," and they felt grand. But all at once they came out of the woods suddenly and into a big river, and they found themselves going down the river very fast; they did not have to paddle. But when they thought they ought to go home they found they couldn't paddle up stream, and they were scared and began to cry; but they kept on going and it began to get dark, and they bumped up on a big island and tied up the boat, and they were so tired they went right to sleep.

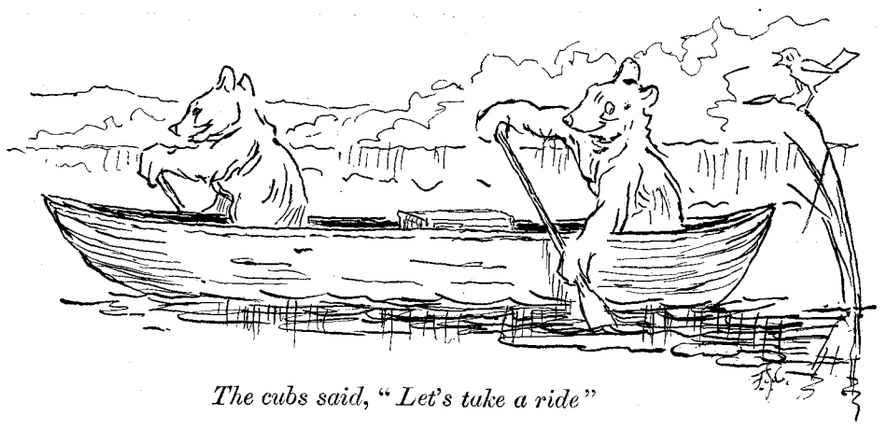
In the morning they got up and went into the woods and found a lot of nice berries, which made them a fine breakfast, and they got out their phonograph and played "The Woodland Waltz," and all the little birds came around and sang, they were so happy.

Then they got into the boat again, and tried to paddle up-stream; but the current was very fast and they couldn't do it, so they just floated down all day long, and at night they managed to land and tied up their boat and went to sleep. In the morning they got up and went ashore and found more berries. And what do you think they saw? A rabbit painting an Easter egg which he said he had laid, and a lot of little yellow ducks looking at him paint, and they each carried a little green umbrella so they wouldn't get wet, as it is bad for very young ducks to get wet. The cubs brought out their phonograph and played a dance tune, and the rabbit and the young ducks joined in and they were all happy.

Then they started off again, and they couldn't paddle up-stream, and they just kept on going.

That night they landed on an island and went to sleep. The next morning

She took down her banjo and sang



The cubs said, "Let's take a ride"

They saw a rabbit painting an Easter egg

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Lots of queer-looking birds with their necks all twisted up

when they went to get their breakfast they found oranges and bananas and some other fruit growing, so they had a fine breakfast. Looking around, they saw a sand beach with lots of queer-looking birds with their necks all twisted up, and some other birds with bills that looked like carpetbags, and they got their phonograph out again, and, oh, my, you should have seen these birds dance, untwist their necks and open their carpetbag bills! They were flamingos and pelicans, and they seemed to enjoy it.

Well, they visited them all that day, and then went back to their boat with their phonograph, after having all the nice fruit to eat, and they took some along for another meal.

The next morning they started off, and all at once they turned round the corner of the woods and the current took them out into the great big sea, and they saw the sea-gulls. Some of them flew down and swam alongside of the boat and laughed and laughed and laughed; they were the kind you call laughing sea-gulls.

Now something queer happened to them. I think it was caused by some of that strange-looking fruit they ate. They began to feel sleepy, and they both fell asleep and they slept and slept in the boat —you know, bears can sleep all winter if they want to—and when they woke up they were very cold and snow and ice was all around them, and some queer birds came marching down to see them, and some seals came hopping over the ice and they were scared, but remembered that old song that "Music Hath Charms to Soothe the Savage Breast," and they started the phonograph, and those queer birds danced and the seals flopped their flippers and all of a sudden they started and disappeared, the seals jumping into the water and the queer birds—they were penguins—disappearing around the snow hills, and suddenly five big white bears came right up to them, and the little cubs wound up the phonograph and you ought to have seen them dance!

Now something very strange happened. They heard a big noise up in the sky, and they all looked up and they saw what appeared to be a great, enormous bird flying right at them, and the big bears started off on a run and down came this big bird

Those queer birds danced and the seals flopped their flippers

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Five big white bears—you ought to have seen them dance

and the little cubs tried to hide behind their phonograph—they were awfully scared. It was an airplane, and a man got out of it, and he laughed and laughed, and took both the little cubs and put them in his airship; he had been looking for the North Pole and couldn't find it, and was on his way home, and he put the phonograph in also and then they started off.

And they flew and flew, and he gave them something to eat, and he would stop every day and buy them things in the towns—things to eat and gasoline—and then start off.

And they flew, and it kept growing cold and it snowed and the landscape was all white and they landed right in front of a farmhouse, and out came a little girl all bundled up and the man was her father and he said, "I have brought you a Christmas present" (it was Christmas morning) "and two playmates," and he put down the phonograph and the cubs set it a-going and she danced with joy. Then the man put the two little cubs in the barn with things to eat and nice clean straw to sleep on, and they woke up in the morning and were very happy and they went out of the barn around in the snow right into some big woods, and then they got tired and wanted to see the little girl and they found they had lost their way, and they began to cry; and what do you think? They met their mother, who had been looking for them ever so long, and she took them back to their home and they told her all about their travels, and she was so glad to get them back she forgot all about the phonograph; and the little girl plays it for all the neighbors and they have dances and she is very happy.

Of course almost all little girls nowadays hear the music of the phonograph, which means music of all kinds, but they don't have two little bear cubs to show them how to play it.

The cubs set it a-going and she danced with joy

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CHRISTMAS IN THE CASTLE

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

EVERY Christmas now for about twenty years I have been able to go home for a brief vacation; and one feature of my visits that has brought me increasing interest and pleasure has been the conversations I have had and the comradeship I have enjoyed with the plantation Negroes in the Castle. This is a small and comfortable outbuilding which, until the innovation of ranges, had served as a kitchen. Since that day it has been given over for the comfort and entertainment of the Negroes who come up to the Great House, as they call the plantation house proper. There are in the Castle two long benches, several chairs and stools, and an ample fireplace. There have I spent hours upon hours talking with Negroes of all kinds, singly and in groups; and there, I believe, I have been admitted to an understanding of the Negro's heart and an appreciation of some of the salient traits of his character.

How few Americans realize that the Negro is the prince of "reminiscers"! This I have learned in the Castle, where Joe, Old Isaac, Sambo, Gabriel, Henry Snyder, our foreman for twenty-five years, Ben, and a score of others regale one another and me with their waggish conversation and with their tales pathetic and humorous. Sometimes they tell me stories of my marvelous prowess as a little boy on the plantation—stories so impressive that it is not at all difficult for me to believe that somehow I have deteriorated in power and resourcefulness as I have advanced in years. Then the talk may turn to the recounting of strange happenings of the old days on the various plantations near us: of the great flood which had drowned more than fifty people; of the phantom deer that had warned the colored boy Ogechee of his death; of the burning of the great house at Waterhon, a few miles above us; and of the planter who, when his only daughter died of yellow fever, lost his mind, kept every one from the house, and at dead of night buried his beautiful and only child in a coffin standing upright upon the ground, heaping about it and over it a prodigious mound of earth. This strange grave can be seen to-day. Out of the sunken top of the moldy mound there has sprung a beautiful young cedar, graceful and symmetrical, a fit memorial to Beauty dead in youth.

During our talks in the Castle there will creep unconsciously into the language of the Negroes strange words whose sound has for me a peculiar fascination; nor do I disclaim that these words are a part of my own vocabulary—though the opportunity to use them is small. There can be no doubt but that some of these are genuine survivals of the original tribal African words. Unmistakably they express by their combination of letters much of the mysterious character of the Dark Continent, which, though fairly well explored, is very far from being understood. In our talk, a dragon-fly is never anything but a "bungiewala." The synonym for small is "machinchie." A common cottontail rabbit is invariably "madindie," while his cousin, the swamp rabbit, is "bofemba." Weather that is showery and uncertain is "giffie." Small bushes such as the gallberry are "jubrocroo." Of course "yeddy" is always used for "hear." Is it a wonder that sportsmen from the North who visit our place are staggered when a Negro guide suddenly exclaims: "Ain't you yeddy dat madindie in dem jubrocroo?" or, "Giffie wedder is de time for hunt dem machinchie bofemba"?

But more than the use of these words, to which I have since childhood been familiar, I enjoy some of the chaffing and the witty sayings that lightly and ingenuously touch our conversation. Perhaps, "to start something," I may ask Gabriel, a notable backslider, how long it has been since he has been to church.

"I ain't been sick in a long time," he will say. "When I is well," his explanation will continue, "I don't need to go to church; but when I is poorly, I is 'bliged to call on my Captain."

"He never has been to church," Old Isaac will put in accusingly; "I know, 'case I have been watching him ever since hatchet was a hammer."

"Cap'n," Henry will say, "you sure should have been here this summer to see that corn that Lisbon done grow."

"Was it fine?"

A general infectious chuckling will pass around the group.

"Fine?" This is with high disdain. "So short, sah, that a baby bumblebee could sit on a clod and suck the tassel."

"Joe," I may ask, "how is it that your brother Ben is out yonder cutting that tough live-oak, when we can't get another man on the river to touch it?"

A silence will fall on the group; and it is the pregnant silence of sympathy. They seem well to know why Ben is willing to accept the most arduous task that plantation life offers; for live-oak is probably the hardest wood in existence to handle.

"Ben," his brother Joe answers, his voice shading to quiet tones of thoughtfulness and grief, "he lost his wife last month. You know, Cap'n, they been very happy together. Now Ben is trying to work off his grief."

We shall sit silent for a time, looking into the fire and thinking of Ben. The Castle can be a thoughtful place; and that fact is not the least of its charms.

I remember once sitting alone there one Christmas Eve with Old Galboa, a veteran retainer who had been with us throughout his long life. Latterly he had fallen into wretched health. All his family had preceded him to the grave. He was telling me that he would welcome the call for him to go.

"I have prayed to be taken," the old man said; "and the Lord is good enough to do anything for me."

When I think of resignation and simple faith like this, I wonder where in the world to-day its counterpart is to be found.

It has been in the Castle that I have learned most of what I know of Negro superstitions. For my part, I am a lover of certain varieties of superstitions; for not infrequently they create the atmosphere of romance. They color the fancy. They stimulate the imagination. When life is merely obvious, it is a dreadful thing, and it makes for dullards of soul. Superstitions tint life with a sense of the abiding mystery of things. Some of the Negro superstitions are very quaint, many are inspired by a religious fervor, few indeed, if any, could be called merely vulgar. It is at the Christmas season, when the world itself is awake to spiritual things, that the Negroes talk most superstitiously; thus it is that I hear in the Castle much talk that is tinged with the marsh-light gleams of strange beliefs.

There is a superstition that Christmas "falls;" that at midnight at Christmas Eve a far-off rolling sound, presumably like the crack of doom, can be heard. Few, however, ever are willing to listen for it. It is a fearsome report to fall on mortal ears; and it is altogether safer to be innocently asleep when such things are happening. There is a belief that shortly before daybreak on Christmas morning all animals and birds go down on their knees in adoration of the new-born Master. I distinctly recall being taken as a little boy to the barnyard at dawn on Christmas Day to see the fulfillment of this beautiful superstition. My guide pointed out to me, in the winter morning's mist, several cattle lying down, which he declared, awesomely, had taken the attitude of prayer. This is a belief that I like to ponder, for in it are many elements of beauty and of poetic faith.

Among the other superstitions is one to the effect that a torrential rain invariably follows a death; and its purpose in falling at such a time is to put out the tracks of the departing spirit. When I asked Henry Snyder why the tracks should be blotted out, he said:

"That is a road, Cap'n, that every man has to travel alone. Each one has to find his own path. We can't have even a track to guide us."

Superstition or not, Henry's explana-

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tion of the reason for it assuredly has in it fundamental truth of something like a universal appeal.

The matter of tokens interests me especially. A token is an apparition foretelling death; but usually, instead of taking some spectral human form, it may be some common bird or animal that has acquired extraordinary size, or else some unusual phenomenon in nature, such as a violent hailstorm or a fall of meteors. A common sight in an uncommon place or at an unexpected time is a token. As an example of this last sort of supernatural visitant, I can mention an eagle taking an obscene repast with black vultures; a goat walking along the top rails of a fence and eating poison ivy; a wild turkey standing alone under a great oak near the plantation house. Indeed, anything unusual is to the active and picture-making mind of the Negro an evidence of that Power unseen that is forever communicating, in ways natural and in ways strange, with his children. Of common tokens, these have come under my own observation: a storm; the fall of a mighty yellow pine sound of heart; a nine-foot diamond-back rattlesnake; a buck with white spots on its otherwise dun coat; a huge alligator; an albino robin; and a fall of snow. I mentioned the boy Ogechee and the warning he had of his nearing dissolution. He was asleep by the barn when a deer that had just swam across the Santee approached him—certainly without seeing him until quite close. Upon perceiving the boy the buck gave a loud snort, at the same time whirling away. Ogechee awoke to see the creature vanishing; and when he saw by the deer's tracks how close the animal had come, he and all his friends were positive that a true token had appeared; and, though it must be admitted that Ogechee had for some time been sick, he did not survive this experience more than two weeks.

One day in the Castle the conversation turned upon snakes, of which, I remorsefully report, the Santee region is most abundantly supplied. I questioned whether there were any great diamond-backs about. It is well, not only on account of the menace to people, but also the danger to stock, to rid a place of these huge and truculent serpents.

"I done see one last month," Steve said; "he been right by the plantation gate."

"What did you do with him when you had killed him, Steve?" I asked, somewhat shocked to hear of one of the great creatures being seen so close to the house.

Steve laughed; and all the others of the group, knowing his somewhat negative courage, joined in the laughter.

"I 'fraid him," Steve answered; "he look at me just like he was a token."

The snake escaped, but Steve was not to make a getaway.

"I 'member the day," Old Isaac put in, gravely. "I done see a cloud of dust coming down the road, and I say, 'Dat is a storm.' But dat been Steve runnin'."

But I think it not hard to forgive a man for retreating from so formidable a creature as the regal diamond-back, especially if to his stately grim maliciousness there was added a sense of his possession of supernatural power.

With many of the Negroes who visit the Castle I have hunted and fished, and from them I have learned something of the ways of the creatures of the wild. Sometimes this knowledge would be imparted in a jesting fashion. For example, one day we were discussing the matter of the escape of a deer. I can hear Gabriel, the hunter, now as, bending over and sketching with a black coal a certain design, he tells how the deer eluded us.

"I followed the tracks," he explains; "and he done made his last high jump this side of the old road. Then he stopped. Right there he done read his guide-book. That tell him to run for the ribber; so there he run. A buck, Cap'n, don't run wild; he always read his guide-book."

With Gabriel and Negroes like him I have ranged almost every swamp in the wide Santee country, have traversed endless miles of those placid pinelands, and have explored the reed-hung, tortuous creeks of the lonely delta. In these trips I learned certain traits of Negro character that I shall never cease to respect. One is that with a decent white man a Negro, even under circumstances that make for roughness, is not vulgar; indeed, he manifests a most commendable reticence. He has, too, wonderful endurance in the woods and on the waters. More than once I have been on the point of abandoning an object of pursuit when my dusky comrade would press me to continue. He has what I call stalking patience; and that is patience to the degree that makes it one of the primal virtues. Of his understanding of the ways of wild life and of his powers of woodcraft too much can hardly be said. When I am hunting with a Negro, although the sport is not new to me, and although my eyesight is good, it is invariably he, and not I, who first sees game. I know that at least twice my escape from being struck by the dread cottonmouth moccasin has been due solely to the keenness of vision of my companion.

It is in the Castle at Christmas that I can return, in some measure, the long faithfulness of these Negroes. They care less for material rewards than one would suppose. Of course we have on the hearth bricks a row of baked sweet potatoes, with sugar oozing out on their brown skins. We have pipes and tobacco—that come as regularly as Christmas and I do. On great days we have coffee and cigars. But in my heart I believe that these plantation Negroes chiefly love conversation, and particularly that which has to do with memories. They have an acute sense of the transiency of life. They know much of its illusions. Their understanding of life is, in its way, comprehensive; I mean that, though the vision is narrowed, they see much clearly. I once complimented a Negro for giving another a dollar to help rebuild his house which had been burned. The giver said to me: "Cap'n, we must help one another. I may be in trouble to-morrow. Trouble is common to the race." And by the race I knew he meant humanity. They come to the Castle for comradeship and sympathy and amusement; and while they do enjoy themselves, I am sure that I am more richly rewarded than any one else. I have learned here how much more blessed it is to give than to receive; especially if one gives, as I must needs do, from gratitude and appreciation.

Of the faithfulness of these Negroes, for which I am so thankful, one typical example will suffice. It concerns Will, and of the manner in which he behaved when he was given charge of my wife's trunk when she, as a bride, was making her first visit to the plantation. In that country the matter of transportation is a critical one. A trunk has to be shipped from Charleston by boat. Then it has to be hauled ten miles in a wagon. With many an admonition Will was despatched to bring the trunk up from the boat. He went in an ox-wagon. It is not difficult to imagine with what anxiety a bride would, under the circumstances mentioned, await the safe arrival of her trousseau.

Darkness fell on that fatal day and Will had not returned. With the coming of night there came a gloomy, interminable downpour. One thing seemed certain: everything in the precious trunk would be soaked through. Toward nine o'clock, with the rain still falling, I mounted a horse and rode out to meet Will. Three miles from home I encountered him, his beasts plodding along stolidly through the plashy sand in the road. Will was quietly singing an old Negro spiritual.

Upon questioning him, I learned that the trunk was safe. I asked him how it could have been kept dry. Then he told me what made me want to weep. On the approach of the storm he had unhitched the oxen. Then he had taken the heavy trunk from the wagon and put it in the road beneath the vehicle, spreading over the trunk his coat. Then he had crawled back in the wagon-bed and lain down over the trunk, across certain cracks, so that no water should touch the thing intrusted in his keeping. He had lain there and taken the lashing of the wintry rain for more than an hour. When I came up to him, his coat was still protecting the trunk, to which the fine rain could not penetrate.

Is faithfulness like that a thing to be forgotten? And yet Will had no idea that he had done anything unusual. He had merely carried through his orders. But in reality he had fulfilled a trust; he had kept the faith.

Soon I hope to be again on the plantation; and while there, every rainy day, and many an hour on other days, I shall spend in the Castle. During the greater part of the year it is my strenuous duty to attempt to educate American youth; but during the Christmas season it is my privilege and delight to attend, in a humble classroom known as the Castle, the great School of Humanity.

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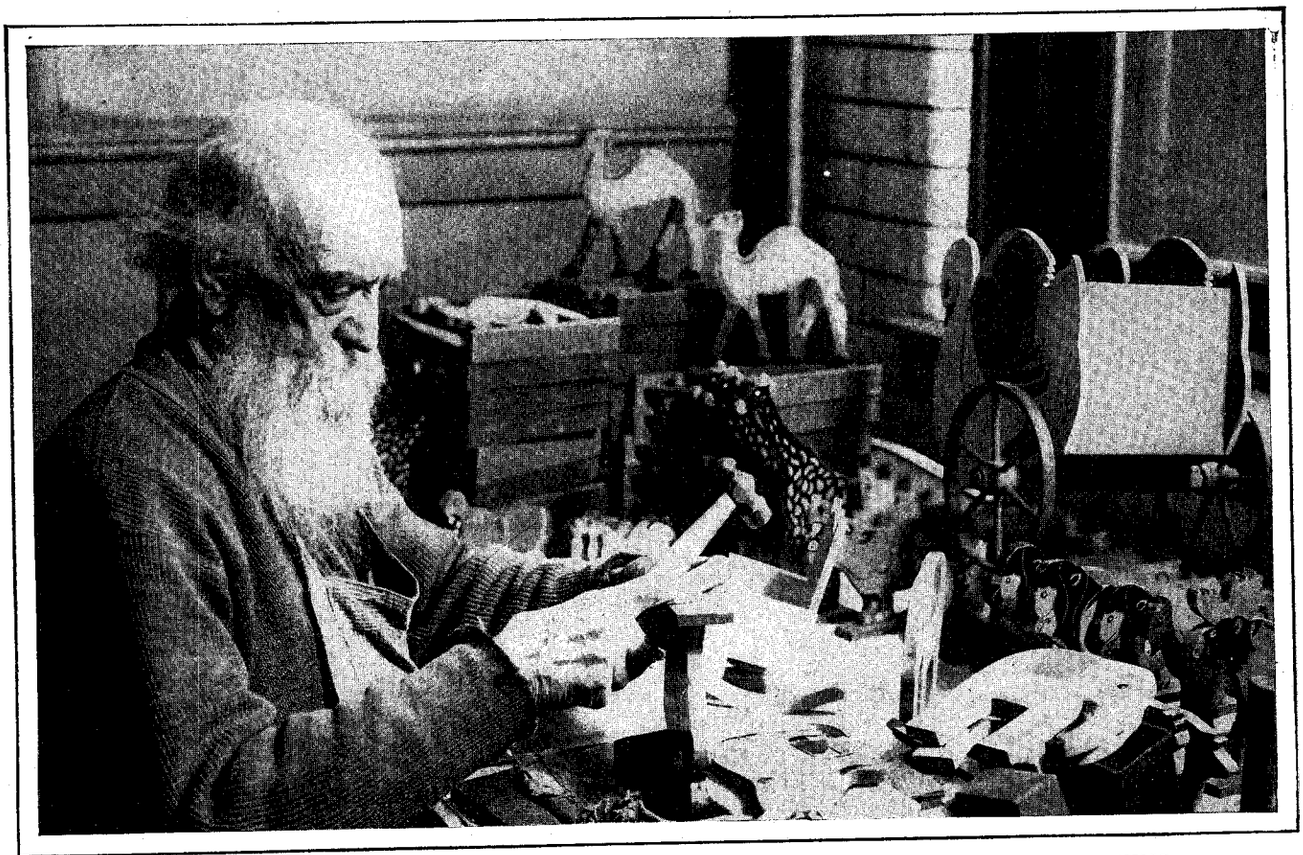

Central News

MAKING THE TOYS—AN AGED WORKER WHOSE HANDS HAVE NOT LOST THEIR CUNNING

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THE WONDERFUL MORNING ARRIVES—REVELING IN THE TOYS

CHRISTMAS—SOME ANTICIPATORY PREPARATIONS FOR

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Press Illustrating Service

KIND-HEARTED POLICEMEN PROVIDE A TREE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THEIR PRECINCT

Central News

UNLOADING A SHIPMENT OF CHRISTMAS TREES FOR THE CITY MARKET

IT AND THE CHILDREN'S JOY WHEN IT COMES

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Christmas, 1919

By Alfred Noyes

Christmas, and peace on earth; an Eastern tale
Of shepherds and a star;—
Can these things, in our mocking age, avail
A world grown old in war?

Since Galileo opened up a night
Too deep for hope to scan,
The starry heavens no longer wheel their light
To serve the need of man.

There are no wings in that unfathomed gloom,
Where now our eyes behold,
World without end, and orderly as doom,
The mist of suns unfold.

Yet, to fulfill, not to destroy the law,
The modern mages rose;
And, round the deeper center that they saw,
A vaster cosmos flows.

Oh, for a Galileo of the mind
To pierce this inner night;
And, deeper than our deepest dreams, to find
The light beyond our light;

Where angels sing, though not to the fleshly ear,
As over Bethlehem's Inn.
Turn to thine own deep soul, if thou wouldst hear.
The Kingdom is within.

Eternal Lord, in whom we live and move;
Whose face we cannot see;
Soul of the universe, whose names are Love,
And Law, and Liberty;

Confirm our peace! There is no peace on earth,
No song in our dark skies.
Only in souls the Christ is brought to birth,
And there he lives and dies.

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE ESKIMOS

BY CHRISTIAN LEDEN

FROM AN EXPLORER'S DAILY JOURNAL: DECEMBER 23

Mr. Christian Leden, the distinguished young Norwegian explorer, has spent most of his time since 1909 living among the Eskimos. He is a great admirer of the natives of the barren North, and once said in The Outlook, "In some ways we can learn as much from the Eskimo as he can learn from us." Mr. Leden believes that the commercial possibilities of the Arctic—trade in minerals, oil, leather, fur, fish, and meat—have never been appreciated, and although he was shipwrecked on the Arctic expedition from which he has just returned, he is hoping soon to go north again. He is an ethnologist as well as an explorer, and knows Eskimos as few other explorers do.—THE EDITORS.

A SNAPPING cold day—I was awakened at five o'clock this morning by Kallala, the wife of the Eskimo Kallaschak, who started to make a fire and boil reindeer meat outside the entrance to my snow-house.

For fuel Kallala uses moss and heather, which she has dug out from under the snow, and the smoke penetrates through the door, or rather the opening of my snow house, and makes my eyes smart.

My igloo, or snow house, is built between those of Kallaschak and another Eskimo, and we all three have a common entrance, about thirty feet long, to our dwellings.

In this long but narrow passage is a fireplace, used by the Eskimos in common for cooking purposes, built of snow and rocks, with a chimney of snow. The above-mentioned fuel produces more smoke than fire, and it takes about three hours to get a pot of meat to boil.

To-day we intend to move our camp about ten miles southward and to build new snow houses in order to be clean and festive for Christmas. When an igloo is a month old, it has generally settled and become so low that it is impossible to stand upright in it. It also looks rather dirty after a flock of Eskimos have lived in it for a month or more, and, besides, within a few weeks a snow house changes into an ice house and becomes frightfully cold to live in. Therefore the Eskimos generally move and build new snow houses several times during the winter, aside from the fact that they often move about from place to place in order to follow the wild game.

At present our camp is situated on the shore of a large lake on the Canadian "barren ground" west of Hudson Bay. The lake, which is still unknown among white men and is not indicated on the map, is called Ummingmaktor, which means "the place where there are musk-oxen."

I am living here with seven families of Eskimos, who live their daily life quite without embarrassment and suspicion as far as I and my note-book are concerned.

Metkrulilik (the long-haired one, as the name signifies) is the oldest and most respected of my neighbors. He has a large family—many children, sons-in-law, and grandchildren. One of his daughters has two husbands, and she and both her husbands, Nagjuk and Kadjuk, live happy together in a corner of her father's igloo.

Here lives also, among others, a young man with his mother, his two wives and mothers-in-law. They all live quietly and peaceably together—both his wives and his mothers-in-law.

Kallaschak, his wife Kallala, and their three children have been my best friends here. Their little boy, "Sikkenek," or the Sun, is the sweetest little youngster

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one could imagine. Kallaschak says he will become a great bear hunter when he grows up. Then there is a little daughter seven years old. Her name is Puttugo; but I call her Najakulluga, my little sister, and she in her turn calls me Annikulluga—my little brother.

Kallaschak's oldest child is a girl of sixteen, who has been blind for about ten years. She is about the most intelligent person I have met in the land of the Eskimos, but rather melancholy on account of having lost her sight.

Kallaschak and his family are Netschillik Eskimos who left their tribe some years ago on account of the oldest daughter's blindness. According to the moral laws of the Netschillik tribe, the blind girl ought to die in order not to become a burden to herself and to others. Her father, Kallaschak, however, loves his daughter so much that he did not have the heart to kill her, but defied the unwritten laws of his tribe. Therefore he had to leave his kindred and his friends and emigrate to tribes of gentler morals.

Kallaschak was a big, strong fellow, five feet ten inches in height, and with muscles like a bear's. He could walk twenty miles carrying a whole reindeer on his back, and he would often run about hunting for two days and two nights at a stretch without eating or sleeping, as if it were the easiest and most natural thing in the world. This savage was at the same time one of the most tender-hearted and careful fathers I have ever met.

Kallaschak and I quickly became the best of friends and soon found that we had acquaintances in common. He and his wife had met Roald Amundsen and the Gjöa expedition when the latter were on their way through the Northwest Passage.

Both Kallaschak and Kallala had learned to say "Norway" and remembered the names of Amundsen and all his companions.

Kallaschak was especially proud of the fact that his wife had made a pair of bearskin trousers for Amundsen, for whom he had an almost superstitious respect. "*Amusen ersumatta marrik illa*," said Kallaschak, which in free translation means, "Amundsen was indeed a great chief." *Ersumatta* means chief or the one who thinks (or decides) for others. *Marrik* means complete or perfect.

While we are eating our breakfast of half-cooked reindeer meat in Metkrulilik's igloo, Kallaschak's little daughter Puttugo comes rushing in and says that her big sister, the blind girl, who has had a severe cold for several days, has become very ill and is raving and screaming with delirium, so that the little sister is frightened. Both Kallaschak and Kallala immediately run in to their sick daughter. All the other Eskimos stop eating and soon follow after them to the sick girl's igloo. When I enter Kallaschak's igloo, the *angakok*, or medicine man, "the Horned One," as he is called, is in full swing with his magic arts. He sings, dances, makes contortions, and utters the strangest inarticulate sounds, in order to drive the evil spirits out of the sick girl.

Whenever the *angakok* (the pagan priest) stops for a moment, the sick girl touches her head and moans and shrieks.

Kallaschak makes a sign to me to come outside with him. When we are alone, he begs me to do all I can to soothe his daughter's pain, and if possible to save her life, although she is blind.

As he says later, "I am not quite sure that our *angakok* is capable of performing his task, but you can easily save my daughter's life if you want to."

I give him some pills to soothe the sick girl's headache and explain to him how they are to be used.

CHRISTIAN LEDEN

Later in the day Kallaschak comes back and thanks me because I have lightened the girl's pain, and asks for more medicine.

I am in a very painful situation, since I have no more medicine which I dare give to the sick girl, and I shall without doubt get the blame in case she dies.

The poor girl's illness began after we had been visited by an inland Eskimo who was on his way to his camp from a fur trader's station hundreds of miles to the south, with tea, molasses, colored kerchiefs, matches, needles, and other articles of trade. He gave the blind girl one of the colored kerchiefs and some other trifles produced in the civilized world. It is possible that this may have transmitted germs to the blind girl.

I have seen in several instances, both in Greenland and in Canada, that the Eskimos, who otherwise do not know what disease is, caught heavy colds after the arrival of ships or when they got hold of commodities which had been produced in civilized countries.

The air is so pure in the land of the Eskimos and these people have so few bacteria in their bodies that they have no power of resistance when they are attacked by new bacteria.

The blind girl lies the whole day in a delirious state. There will be no moving to-day.

CHRISTMAS EVE

The sick blind girl died this morning, and the medicine man has given me the blame for her death. The whole camp is plunged into distress and grief. Little Puttugo and the dead girl's parents are sitting together in a snow house, their eyes red with weeping.

It grieves me especially to see the big, strong bear hunter Kallaschak, the girl's father, sob and cry like a child.

I make ready to move at once, since the best thing I can do now is to let these broken-hearted people be alone with their grief, especially since the *angakok* has accused me of causing the girl's death.

Nagjuk the strong and I set out with a dog sled for an Eskimo camp which is situated about twenty miles away in a westerly direction. We meet a wild deer on our journey, but we do not shoot, since we already have a lot of reindeer meat, and besides I prefer to leave these beautiful animals in peace on Christmas Eve.

We reach Poppik's and Anguttik's igloo late in the afternoon, and we are at work building my igloo until long after dark. At last it is finished—dazzlingly white and clean, with gleaming crystals of ice. I get out a couple of candles which I have saved and kept for two and a half years for this occasion, my third and probably last Christmas in the land of the Eskimos.

I light the candles and use the snow beside my reindeer skins and sleeping garments for candlesticks. I save the whale-oil lamp to-night and fill my Swedish cooking apparatus with the last bit of petroleum I have left, make tea and Christmas pudding, and invite the Eskimos to taste my holiday fare. The Christmas pudding consists of rice, raisins, sugar, and powdered milk, which, in spite of all temptations, I have saved and kept for Christmas.

Poppik and Anguttik with their wives and children sit in my snow house and talk far into the night. I try to translate the Bible account of the first Christmas into the Eskimo language and to explain to them as well as I can what Christmas means to us white people.

When I have finished, Poppik, the witty one, remarks that the white people certainly need to observe Christmas, and to be reminded that we ought to live in peace and brotherly good will toward one another, and not go forth and kill each other in great numbers, as he has been told that we do when we wage war.

Later I show my Eskimo neighbors pictures of Christmas trees with many candles and children with happy faces, and explain to them that at Christmas all white people are peaceable and treat each other like brothers. "*Allianai*," say the Eskimos, "*koviarsukpunga*" (I am glad).

And the Eskimos ask me to tell the white folk that they (the Innuits, or human beings, as they call themselves) will be very happy when they hear that we *kavdlunait* (white men) have made peace and have ceased to fight "like dogs," *kringmekshorluh*.

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COMMUNITY CIVICS

A PRACTICAL EDUCATIONAL COURSE IN CITIZENSHIP

VI—PUBLIC PROVISION FOR RECREATION

BY ERNEST E. SMITH

OF THE MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL, BROOKLYN

INTRODUCTION

His mother used to say: "Johnny is a restless child. He goes from one room to another scattering his playthings all over the house. I am exhausted picking up after him. It is a relief when I find him curled up for a nap with his beloved engine-book in his arms."

Johnny did his lessons at school without difficulty, but the minute the bell rang he was out and romping. On Saturdays he did everything from making leaky boats to constructing a hand-organ. His hand-organ consisted of a packing-box with a crank hung on a nail on the outside and Eddie Briggs playing a mouth-organ on the inside. This contraption was mounted on a hand cart which he seriously tugged about the streets whenever he could assemble the outfit.

At fifteen John secured a position as office boy in the outer office of a railway president. At times this was pretty slow for the active lad, and he fretted under it. One day when he thought he could endure the tedium no longer, he said to himself: "Can't I find any fun around here?" For the first time his eye lighted inquiringly on the restless keys of a typewriter. He said to the operator, "Could I learn to do that?"

"Sure; dead easy."

Before long John was having fun running a typewriter when not running errands. He became proficient at copying from the printed page, but this soon palled on him and he wanted to write letters. The cryptic hieroglyphics of shorthand now stared him in the face. So for the fun of it he purchased a text-book and soon had a fair knowledge of the principles of stenography. There was little opportunity for him to put them into practice. He did take down bits of conversation about the office, but these intermittent opportunities were not sufficient, and he was acquiring no speed. His "restless" mind hit upon the theater, so from the front row of the family circle he proceeded to make stenographic records of the actors' speeches as often as his spending money would permit.

Three months after beginning this study a vacancy occurred in the clerical force of the office. John applied for the position. The chief clerk was surprised, but, to humor the boy, he gave him and a clerk who was in line for promotion a competitive examination. John won, and was installed as a regular clerk.

A year later, when the president of this railway moved on to take the affairs of another in charge, he called John into his private office.

"Johnny," said he, "I've got a big job to undertake. I wish you'd go with me."

The office force had put in a trying day. The president, with tousled hair and sleeves rolled high, had been sending out a stream of orders for immediate transmission. It seemed impossible to complete the tasks before midnight. At precisely five o'clock the door of the private office opened. The president took in the situation at a glance.

"Didn't you fellows know it was quitting time?" he demanded.

The chief clerk started to explain the situation.

"Nonsense!" replied the president. "Go home, have some fun, and we'll put this over in jig time in the morning." Then, turning to the two office boys, "Luke and Billy, come with me."

The startled boys followed the great man to the street. He hailed the most disreputable-looking taxicab in sight. "Jump in, boys. We're going to Coney Island."

With hands full of hot dogs and crisp popcorn and pockets loaded with peanuts, they landed in one of the famous amusement parks.

"Oh, look, mister—" The president turned like a flash.

"Don't mister me. We're Luke and Billy and John having a good time. Come on."

They bumped the bumps, they ran the gauntlet, they tried all the fakes, and John was the biggest boy of the three.

"Tired, Billy?"

"Not s'very. Kinda sleepy, though."

"That's right. So'm I, but we'll soon be home. Great stuff! We must play. I have to. When I was the age of you boys, I worked hard at *play*. Now I can *work* hard because I still play."

The boys dropped to sleep as John said, musingly: "Wish I knew where Ed Briggs is! I'd get my old hand-organ together again some night."

FRANK A. REXFORD.

WE were listening to a topic on children's courts, which was earnestly presented by a girl who had evidently studied it with great care, but her account did not satisfy one of the boys, who corrected several statements during the discussion. His knowledge seemed so accurate, so intimate, that we questioned him as to his source of information. "Well-er," said he, "I *know* that court because I was arrested once and taken to it. What did I do? Why, we boys were playing ball in the street and a window got smashed. We did not mean to do it; only an accident; but I was taken to the Children's Court."

Each day in the middle of the afternoon the schools pour out on the streets nearly a million children. Almost all the children, like this boy, want to play after school out of doors, and, like him, they are in danger or in conflict with the authorities for "smashing" windows and so on. Besides this army is a younger group of wee children with their mothers who must have some safe place in the open air. Back yards are for the happy few, as about four million people in New York live in tenements. According to the United States Census, New York City has the largest acreage of parks of any city in the United States and spends more money than any other city on them; but even with this record we have three times as many people per acre of parks as Boston. Only one-ninth of Manhattan with its intensely congested population is devoted to parks; Brooklyn and Queens have one-fiftieth and Richmond less than one-five-hundredth so set aside. The Bronx, with one-sixth of its area park land, is more fortunate. Additional recreation areas should be provided near together in the crowded districts. A child under twelve does not walk ordinarily more than a quarter of a mile to a playground, nor an adult more than a mile. One rarely goes more than three miles for a short outing, or over ten for a day's excursion.

All these facilities are under the control of the Park Board, appointed by the Mayor. This Board is made up of four commissioners, one having jurisdiction over the boroughs of Manhattan and Richmond, the other three being assigned a borough each.

PARKS

There are six extensive parks in the city which provide recreation for all ages. The varied attractions of Central Park range from the wonderful collections of art in the Metropolitan Museum to the outdoor features of lakes, picturesque walks and drives, and playgrounds. Van

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Cortlandt Park boasts of the historic Van Cortlandt mansion (now a museum), of a lake, and of a very large drill field and a golf course. Bronx Park is best known for its rich collections of plants and animals in the Botanical and Zoölogical Gardens. Lying on Long Island Sound, Pelham Bay Park gives its frequenters the pleasures of salt-water sports and camping. It contains over seventeen hundred acres, many of them undisturbed woodland.

Since the school population is greater in Brooklyn than in any other borough, let us take a trip through its chief playground, Prospect Park. Entering at the Plaza, we soon reach the Long Meadow, one of the most wonderful playfields in the world. In pleasant weather hundreds of children may be seen here indulging in all sorts of games, but, in spite of the continual romping, this twenty-acre lawn presents an unbroken carpet of grass. On the borders of this stretch are the coasting slopes, the croquet grounds, the picnic ground, the rest-house with its dancing floor, the merry-go-round, and the small lake. Near by are extensive greenhouses and the hockey field. On the other side of the ridge which runs across the park and which marks the scene of a part of the Battle of Long Island are the formal and old-fashioned gardens overlooking the larger lake. In this vicinity are the boat-house, the band stand, and the menagerie.

Besides these large parks we may find throughout New York City small breathing spaces, often not as large as a city block. Some of these are called Passing-Through Parks. They are supplied with benches and afford rest, but are too small for active recreational games. Bowling Green is of historic interest as being part of our oldest park, set aside in 1786, and long used, as its name signifies, for bowling. In most of these parks are found statues of famous men and architectural memorials.

PLAYGROUNDS

But these parks are insufficient for the needs of the great mass of children. In some congested neighborhoods this necessity for more space is met by the establishment of playgrounds under the joint control of the Park Department and the Board of Education. Certain school grounds are assigned wholly to the use of mothers, "little mothers," and children from infancy through kindergarten age. The Department of Health co-operates by sending physicians and nurses to examine the children and advise the mothers in caring for their health.

During vacation play schools are open from 8:30 to 5:30. In 1918 there were eleven "for children where both parents worked, for children not properly fed, for children who needed to gain strength." The Board of Education provides the buildings and playground equipment, and also play leaders and teachers of domestic art and manual training. Other agencies supply home investigators, doctors, nurses, cooks, excursion leaders, and story-tellers. Important features are training in health education, in producing useful articles, and in getting glimpses of the world beyond the immediate neighborhood. The success of these play schools and grounds may be judged from the fact that in the summer of 1919, as compared with that of 1918, there was a decrease of forty-five per cent in the number of street accidents to children in the Bronx.

Six new play-fields have been opened this year in Central Park. No "Keep off the grass" signs, no danger of window-smashing, and no autos. Each of these fields has a flagpole, and the word goes to the boys, "Play where the flag flies."

In the crowded quarters where the Police Department has decided that traffic will not be interfered with unduly the borough president has closed certain streets to vehicles that children may play there safely. These streets are always well paved, so that they may be thoroughly cleaned; moreover, this good paving permits dancing in the streets. Much more refreshing places, however, are provided by the Park Department on the recreation piers, chiefly in Manhattan, which are used for rest, games, and concerts.

ATHLETICS

Among the schools there is a natural rivalry in all kinds of athletics. This spirit is fostered by the Public School Athletic League, an incorporated body, supported chiefly by subscription. The Board of Education recognizes its control over interscholastic athletics, the director of physical training in the schools is its secretary, and committees of teachers administer its affairs. All forms of sport in elementary or high schools come under the jurisdiction of the League.

When school is over and "business" days begin, young men find the active games of the tennis court, the football and baseball fields a positive stimulus to work. These games and sports are paralleled by water sports—rowing, sailing, bathing—and the summer sports are matched by those of the winter. All these games demand larger fields, with opportunity for prolonged, strenuous exercise. And with the increasing number of women in "business" we may expect to see an increasing recognition of the value of exercise for relaxation and reinvigoration of the business woman. In all this there is no catering to an idle and pleasure-loving class. The direct value of the playground and the park to the worker is the only thing considered.

Exercise—abundant outdoor exercise—is so necessary for health that it becomes a public duty to see that all residents have an opportunity for exercise in forms that bring relaxation and recreation. As the city grows, the opportunities for games in open fields are becoming more scarce and distant.

Thus far emphasis has been placed chiefly upon provision for physical recreation, but the city fathers are no less alive to the necessity for mental exercise and relaxation. The work done under the Board of Education in community and recreation centers is extensive and valuable. While community centers aim primarily to be social influences, "to integrate" the neighborhoods, and desire to be educating influences, they must work largely through the means of recreation. Since each guides itself, no two follow identical programmes, but they have certain features of organization in common. Meeting in schoolhouses, they offer opportunities for gymnastics, for dances and entertainments, for debates and dramatics, for reading and games, for instrumental music and community singing.

Unity centers are similar in purpose to community centers, but the members are from one trade rather than from one neighborhood. For these centers the Board of Education grants the use of the school buildings and teachers for some classes, while the center pays the janitors' fees and the other expenses.

INTELLECTUAL RECREATION

Under the Board of Education also is the Public Lecture Bureau. During the season 1918–19 over three thousand free lectures were given in one hundred and sixteen centers. As every subject of popular interest may find its place on the list, the audiences derive both instruction and entertainment in their leisure hours.

The city has three great library systems: one for Manhattan, the Bronx, and Richmond, one for Brooklyn, and one for Queens. Aside from the keen pleasure they seek in reading, hundreds of children in the crowded districts often surge into the library buildings for comfort away from chilly homes and stormy streets. And the quiet, attractive surroundings, with the ready helpfulness and courtesy of the librarians, have their sure effect in the development of a higher citizenry. While the children enjoy their cozy room, the older folks can satisfy almost any fancy in books, no matter what their hobby may be, in the large reading-rooms. It is interesting that our plan of free public libraries has been urged for adoption by the new Czecho-slovak Republic.

Prominent among the educational collections in the city is that in the Aquarium, at Battery Park, under the care of the New York Zoölogical Society. It stands first among all aquaria in the size and variety of fishes exhibited, and is noteworthy for the accuracy with which the natural conditions attending the many forms of sea life are reproduced.

No one museum probably makes a deeper or more varied appeal than the Natural History Museum, on Seventy-seventh Street, Manhattan. Young children are absorbed in the health exhibits, the Indian exhibits, or the animal life so excellently reconstructed for their enjoyment.

As its name implies, the Children's Museum, on Brooklyn Avenue, Brooklyn, is designed to attract the young. Throughout the year exhibits are arranged to illustrate the work in nature study which is being taught in the schools. Here, too, are permanent collections which are simply arranged and clearly labeled. The

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popularity of this Museum suggests the desirability of similar institutions in the other boroughs.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art houses many valuable collections of paintings and prints, sculpture, textiles, pottery, armor, furniture, and architecture. Almost any day visitors may see groups of art students, designers, boys and girls enjoying these works of art.

The student will find himself richly informed by visiting these treasure houses, but information is not the sole advantage to be gained. A teacher, finding a former student in an art gallery, received this greeting: "You were the first one who took me to a museum and taught me what to enjoy, and now I am just beginning to appreciate it." This appreciation of man's best work gained in our leisure time, and chiefly as recreation, is our greatest gain from museums.

In addition to the opportunities for recreation in public places, there are many under private control, such as the motion-picture theater, the skating rink, the dance-hall, the bowling alley, and seaside bath-houses. All of these are, of necessity, under public control. The fireman, the picture censor, the policeman, each has his share of responsibility in keeping these gathering-places safe and wholesome.

BOULEVARDS AND PARKWAYS

The wide use of the automobile has made it possible to seek enjoyment far afield. In fact, it is the demands of the pleasure car rather than of the motor truck which has led to the construction of our State systems of improved roads. The first bond issue for State highways was carried by the majority given in New York City over an adverse vote in the rural districts. The Bronx Parkway Commission states its belief that "park needs are not served in full by areas within the city limits only; but large areas are needed within reasonable distances, and comfortable and safe approaches must lead to them and make them available." Accordingly the Bronx River Parkway has been extended for fifteen miles, from Bronx Park to the Kensico Dam Reservoir district.

Within easy reach of motorists is the Palisades Inter-State Park, which includes nearly all the river-front from Fort Lee to Newburgh. To this have been added by private gift and by purchase with public funds lands in the Ramapo Hills, until now the park covers thirty thousand acres. It is at the limit of travel for a single day's excursion, and at a comfortable distance for a camping expedition of several days. Within its limits have been developed several lakes and bathing beaches, trails, playgrounds, and automobile roads. Few large cities have such remarkable opportunities for hikes and camping trips within a short distance as New York City. The experienced mountaineer can keep himself in fairly good trim, or the tenderfoot may follow an easy trail for hours without passing a habitation. In order to enlarge the circle of city dwellers who may become lovers of the trail, many outdoor organizations are preparing data for a series of maps providing all necessary information as to good short walks or camping trips in these wonderful hills of the Inter-State Park.

As one enters this beautiful park the following notice is courteously brought to his attention:

> You are now entering the Palisades Inter-State Park. . . . *The trees and shrubbery in this Park are of priceless value to the public.* They must be preserved. We ask you to refrain from picking autumn leaves or branches. We know how much you enjoy them, but if you pick them to-day, you will deprive others of the pleasure of seeing them to-morrow and you will disfigure the Park.
>
> Will you please follow these suggestions as to your own actions, and where you see others picking leaves or breaking branches be good enough to use your influence in persuading them not to do so?
>
> Your co-operation will be appreciated.
>
> COMMISSIONERS OF THE PALISADES INTER-STATE PARK.

STATE AND NATIONAL PARKS

For those who can afford the time plus the money the State or Federal Government provides more extended recreational facilities. New York State has established a forest preserve larger than the State of Delaware. In the Adirondack Park section of this preserve over eleven thousand camp sites are available, and a continuous canoe trip of one hundred and fifty miles through lakes and rivers is possible. In Catskill Park the State owns over one hundred thousand acres. In Lake George it owns one hundred and fifty islands, with camp sites on most of them. Besides these tracts it has reservations at Niagara Falls, Saratoga Springs, and at twenty-five other places scattered throughout the State.

The New York State Conservation Commission quotes Theodore Roosevelt as saying: "It is only when the game is carefully preserved by the State that the man of small means has any chance to enjoy the keen delights of the chase." The Commission itself advertises: "Conservation laws are designed to make fish, game, and birds more abundant, and are vitally necessary for national welfare."

Here are the two reasons for our fish and game laws—protection of the hunting privilege and of our food supply. With both purposes in mind, the State maintains fish hatcheries and game farms and administers the fish and game laws. The laws allow, restrict, or wholly prohibit the taking of wild animals, birds, and fish. Wardens make it their business to see that these laws are enforced.

The Nation itself is by no means behindhand in providing recreation. It has set aside eighteen National parks, of which the Yellowstone and the Yosemite are probably the best known. Roads have been built within these parks and hotels provided for tourists. The transcontinental highways and their branches aid in making them more readily accessible. There are also some thirty areas of especial interest reserved as National monuments, examples of which are the Petrified Forest and Natural Bridges. The National Forests, where fishing, hunting, and camping are encouraged, cover over one hundred and fifty-six million acres.

One of the results of this out-of-door life, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, and the many other organizations, is the creation of a new class of citizens interested in the careful use of our common property. All real lovers of the beauty of nature learn the courtesies of the camp and trail—no refuse to mar a camping spot, no wanton destruction, and besides that the proper, careful use of fire in the open.

Our own experience in the last two years shows us that of the great number of young men who were rejected by the draft boards for physical defects by far the greater proportion came from the industrial Northeastern section, while the percentage of rejections was markedly less from the agricultural States of the Middle West. The lesson to be learned is obvious.

No country has ever given as much attention to the physical training of its young men as ancient Sparta. This training was for a small and limited governing class. In modern times, although Germany devoted great attention to military training for all men, the great war proved that this did not give her soldiers the individual dash and spirit needed. They were used to mass action, but lacked self-reliance. England for a long time has felt that her victories on many fields were first won on the football grounds of Eton and Rugby. There again the training was for a limited class, the sons of England's wealthier families.

We of the United States have developed the playground as an institution that will give the desired training, so that all may be not only physically but mentally and morally fit. To this end they have devised more keenly competitive games than any other nation. There is no more highly specialized game than baseball, none more highly organized than football. The former allows scope for individual brilliancy, the latter for group plays. They agree in this: each player must think and act for himself yet play for the team all the time. And with us every boy may play these games. There can be no doubt that such sports were important factors in imparting to our soldiers that initiative vim which made them peers of the best troops in Europe.

The future must develop some better organization of recreation for girls. Much is being accomplished now, but the tremendous increase in the number of women entering industries must mean a similar expansion in their recreational opportunities.

The quality of sportsmanship—the sense of fair play, a willingness to give and take—is developed in no way better than through games. Players learn the necessity of common action without quitting or sulking, to abide by the umpire's decision, to follow Roosevelt's advice, "Don't flinch, don't foul, and hit the line hard."

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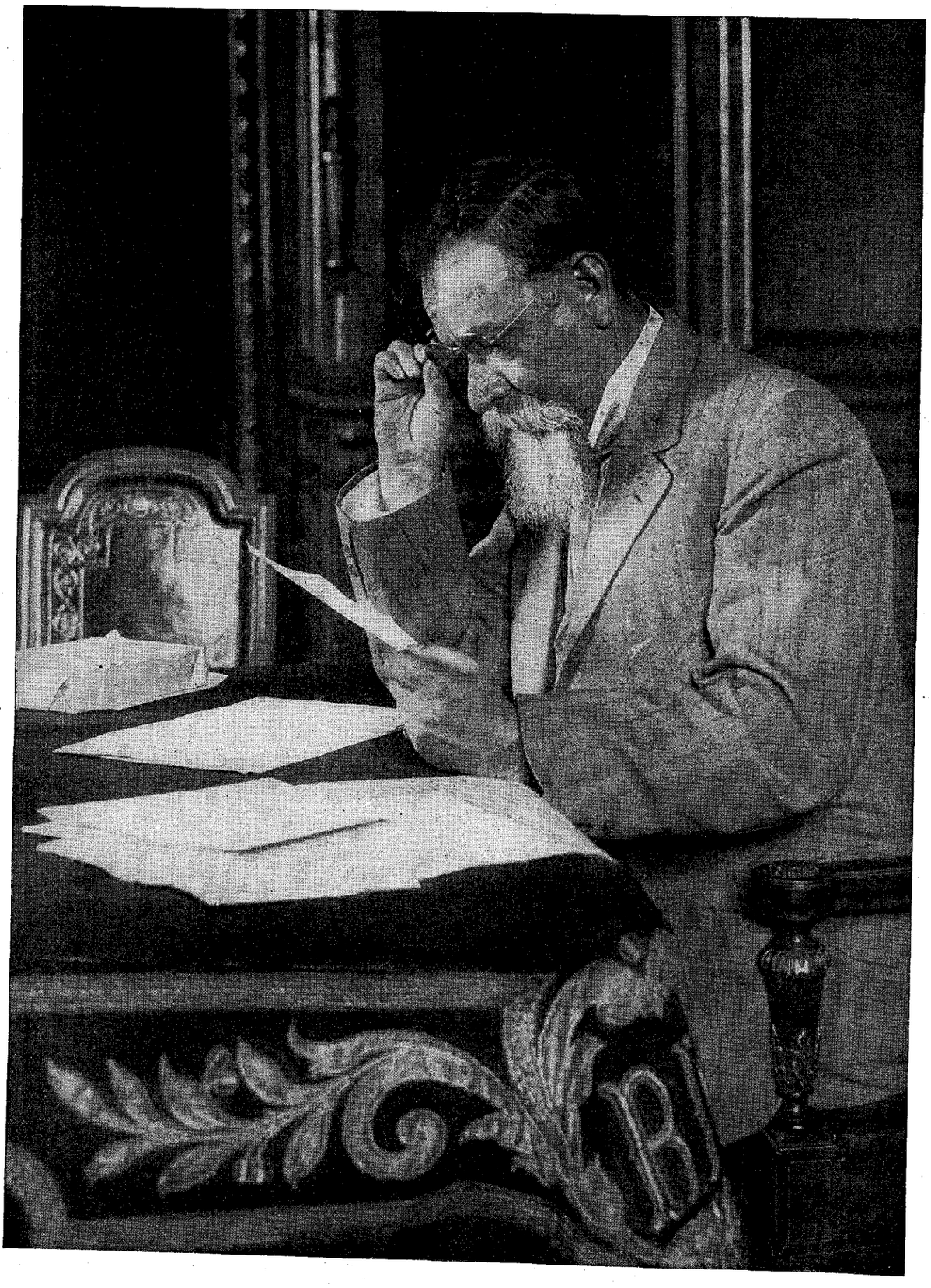
CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



International

PRESIDENT CARRANZA OF MEXICO

The critical situation of Mexico in its dealings with the United States makes this fine photograph of her foremost citizen of more than usual interest

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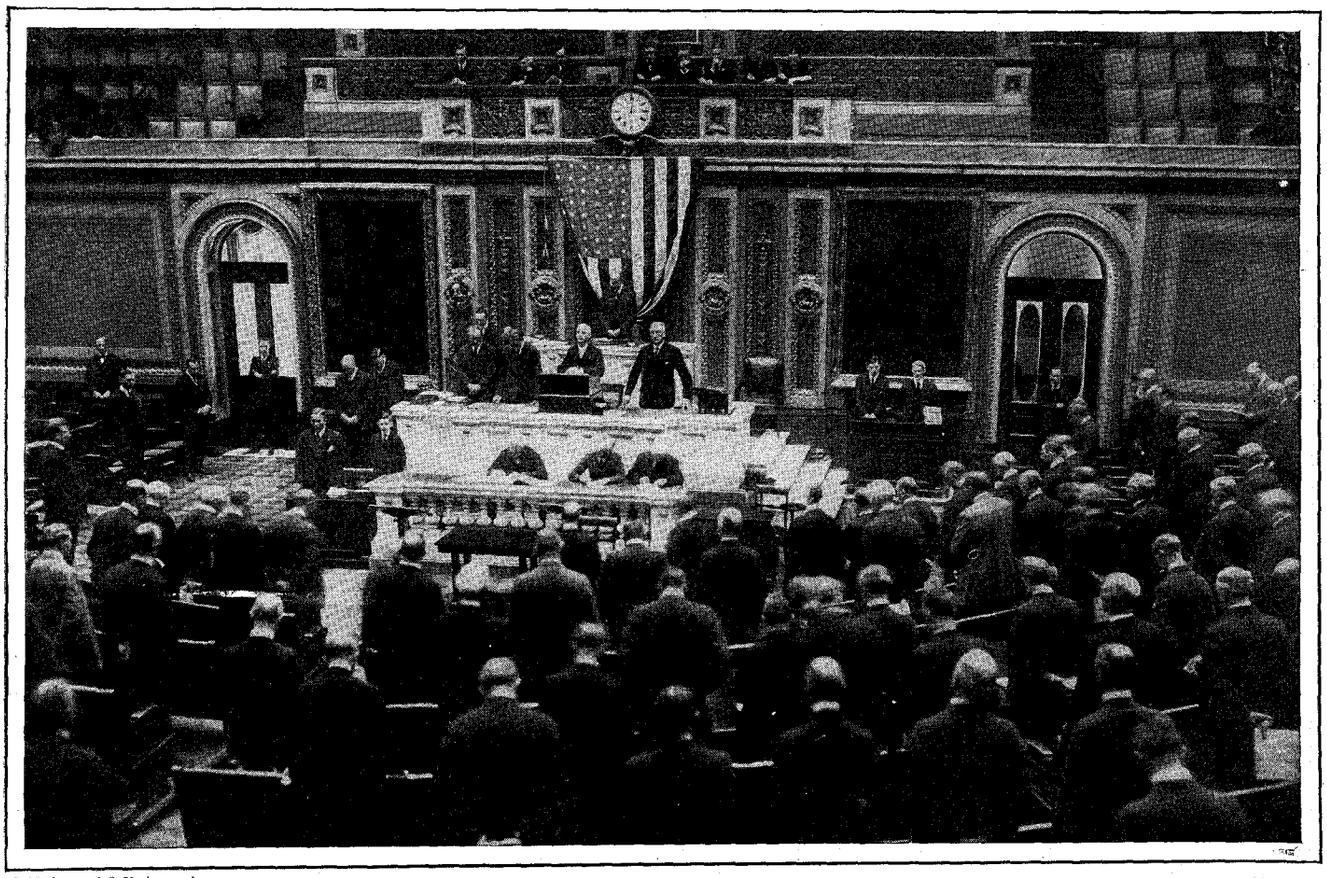

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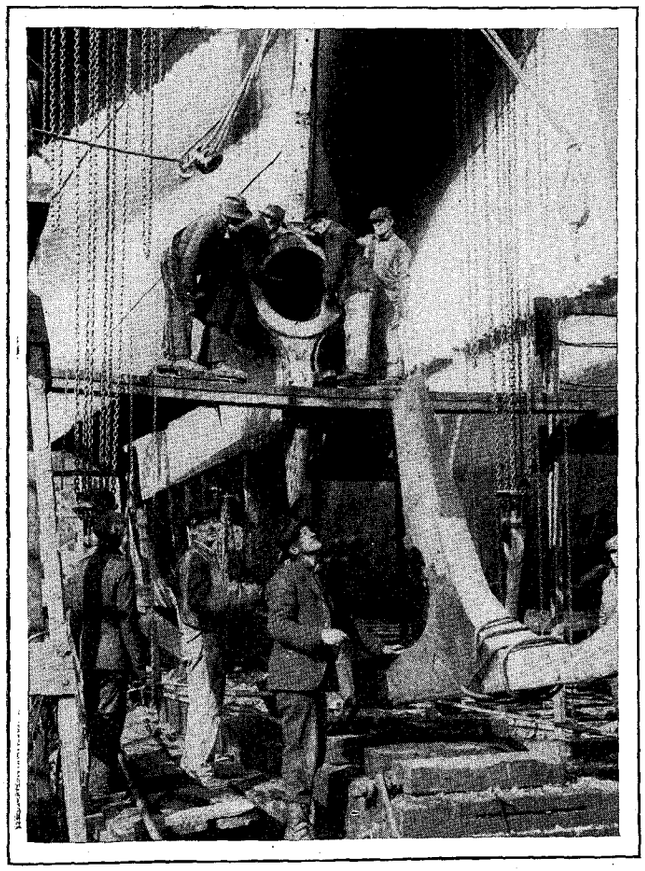
OPENING THE FIRST REGULAR SESSION OF THE SIXTY-SIXTH CONGRESS WITH PRAYER

The view of the House of Representatives shown above is not often reproduced. Like the great majority of their fellow-citizens, members of Congress approach their work with seriousness and a sense of responsibility, as this picture symbolizes. Speaker Gillett may be seen just behind the clergyman who is offering the prayer



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REBUILDING A VESSEL RECLAIMED FROM DAVY JONES'S LOCKER

The photograph shows the work of rebuilding, at the Morse Docks in Brooklyn, the steamer Powhatan, raised after lying for eight months at the bottom of Chesapeake Bay

(C) Underwood & Underwood

A WOMAN APPOINTEE TO THE PENNSYLVANIA CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT COMMISSION

The portrait is that of Mrs. Barclay Warburton, of Philadelphia. She is a daughter of John Wanamaker, and is chairman of the Woman's State Republican Committee

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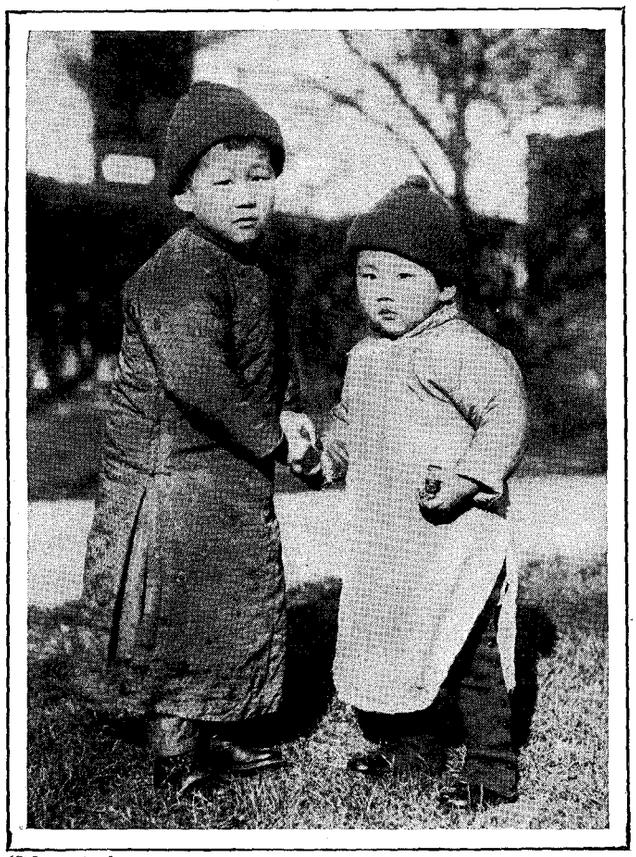


(C) International

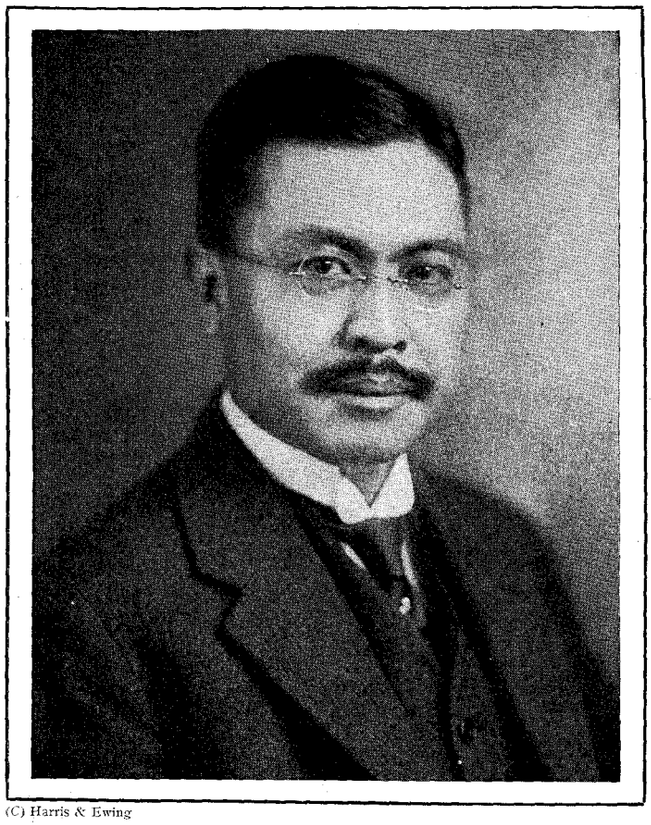
WILBUR AND KENNETH SZE, SONS OF DR. SZE, OF THE CHINESE EDUCATIONAL MISSION

These active little representatives of the Flowery Kingdom in the United States are shown while at play near their father's home in Washington, D. C. Dr. Sze is the head of the Chinese Educational Mission to the United States

(C) Underwood & Underwood

MISS TCHENG, CHINESE LAWYER AND JOURNALIST, A VISITOR TO AMERICA

Miss Tcheng, who, it is announced, comes to lecture to the Chinese of this country on the Shantung question, was secretary to the Chinese delegates at the Peace Conference



(C) Harris & Ewing

KIJURO SHIDEHARA, AMBASSADOR FROM JAPAN TO THE UNITED STATES

Mr. Shidehara, who recently presented his credentials to the American Government in Washington, is comparatively young for this very important post, but he has had long experience in diplomatic work

(C) Harris & Ewing

A JAPANESE POSTER TO PROMOTE WAR SAVING WORK

The message on this picturesque poster, distributed by the Japanese Government, is: "Success and happiness is the beautiful flower that springs from the plain brown bulb of Thrift and Savings"

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THE BOOK TABLE: DEVOTED TO BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

ALL-AMERICAN NOVELS

THE charge used to be made that American fiction was either the child of the Sunday-school story or of the dime novel—or of both. Some of our earliest best-sellers were of the semi-religious type, as "The Prince of the House of David" and "Ben Hur," while moral or educational purpose dominated many others, with "Uncle Tom's Cabin" the shining example and "The Wide, Wide World" a close second. On the other hand, the real old-fashioned dime novel appealed to countless thousands of the American public—and still does both in the "Nick Carter" paper form and in the Zane Grey bound romance. The English novel, some critics consider, is a descendant of the drama and has by its long development escaped in the main crudity of style and tone and offensive desire to convert and instruct. So that this school of fiction critics find the English novels finer of tone and closer of literary texture than the American.

Whatever there may have been in this theory a generation ago, there has surely been an improvement in American novels as regards quality. It dates back to the days when the admirers of Mr. Howells and Mr. James found in their books a satisfactory substitute for raw excitement and the romantic conception that ignored life as it is. It is a safe generalization to say that, while no startling array of great American novelists is now on the fictional horizon, there are plenty of good American novelists who respect their readers and themselves too much to degrade their art by screaming sensationalism or dull it by pietism.

Thus, in a group of American novels of this season now before us we find illustrations of excellent writing and invention in quite different types, but all sincere in workmanship and all such as may stand the test of leaving in the reader's mind a lasting impression of having got out of the book something more than a thrill or a laugh.

First in this group we should place Miss Alice Brown's "The Black Drop."[1] There was a time when reviewers said that this author's *métier* was the writing of short stories, apparently on the ground that a clever short-story writer was out of his or her element in novel writing. There are many examples to the contrary, and certainly Miss Brown's "The Prisoner," "Bromley Neighborhood," and now "The Black Drop," entitle her to a secure place among American novelists.

The title of this story is explained in the sentence, near the end, "He had a black drop in his blood. God knows where he got it!" Charles Tracy, of whom this was said, had every advantage of culture and ability. His father, grandfather, brother, and, most of all, his own wife, were fine in feeling, courage, and honor. Yet Charles had a tinge of baseness, which led him to sacrifice every one and everything in sinister plotting for ambitious ends. He sinks deeper and deeper into pro-German plotting, solely to accomplish his own selfish purposes, and his family have to face the dreadful alternative of exposing him as a traitor or sharing his guilt.

The fineness with which this delicate and moving situation is handled and the skill with which the problem is worked out to a satisfying conclusion give this novel power. Charm it has also from the attractiveness of the wife, brother, and grandfather, each a clear-cut individuality with lovable and strongly marked traits. A sense of humor is always evident in the writing and in the incident, and the somberness of the tragical situation is thereby well balanced.

This novel is in every sense American—in its background, its people, and its patriotism. As to this last we cannot do better than quote a sentence or two from a review in the New York "Times:" "American; that is what Miss Brown's novel is, finely and

Alice Brown

clearly and splendidly American. Not the slangy, blatant, spread-eagle Americanism of those books which seem to take it as their foremost canon that to be an American and a patriot it is necessary to be impertinent and ungrammatical, but the kind which is none the less able to act vigorously and effectively because it is also able to read and to think."

Miss Glasgow writes slowly and writes well. "The Builders,"[1] her first novel for some time, is finished in workmanship. It has a double interest. The first is, as an earnest and patriotic effort to show to the South of to-day that it has now the best possible chance to become an active rather than a passive power in National life and National politics, and that the welding of this country through its war effort is one of the best results of the war. The second attractive point of the book is the keen and brilliant study of the personality of a selfish woman whose charm is used simply to impose her will upon others. A stronger bit of character depiction is not often seen in fiction. This also is distinctively and laudably an American novel in subject, purpose, and patriotism.

A third novel before us also abounds in Americanism. Mrs. Willsie's "The Forbidden Trail"[2] includes an illuminating study of German duplicity and anti-Americanism, with a balancing study of honest and honorable Americanism among characters who are German in descent. It largely turns around an invention to utilize solar heat as motive power for irrigating the desert.

It would be invidious to omit in any consideration of American novels of the season notable for their American spirit and American atmosphere mention of Mr. Booth Tarkington's "Ramsay Milholland."[1] We are apt to think of Mr. Tarkington chiefly as an extremely clever and amusing delineator of boy life, but in this book, as well as in "The Magnificent Ambersons" (in which, in our opinion, Mr. Tarkington reached his high-water mark so far), one finds much more than this. There is an entertaining and true picture of a bashful, sturdy, stupid, faithful, and honorable boy. But there is also a fine presentation of American patriotism and of American character.

Of American origin, yet apart from this "all-American" group, four novels by American writers which take the reader away from America should be included, because they represent the element of finished writing and forceful invention in American fiction.

Mr. Richardson's "The World Shut Out"[2] is a romance of Italy with an American of Italian descent as the chief character. As we have already pointed out in The Outlook, this book is so romantic in spirit, so well planned, and so strong in its character work as to make us believe that in Mr. Richardson we have a new American writer of the first quality.

"The Sea Bride,"[3] by Ben Ames Williams, is notable as a romance and drama in which American sailors and an American woman play their part in distant quarters of the globe. It has some of the qualities of Jack London, but with them also some of the qualities of Conrad.

"Hands Off,"[4] by Beulah Marie Dix, is a plot-and-action story with an American hero, but with the scene laid largely in Mexico. We share with many other readers a distaste for reading of acts of cruelty, and there is much of this nature in the story that is trying. On the other hand, there is no doubt that it is exciting and that it is written with terseness and power.

Finally, for rollicking fun and a capital contrast between English and American up-to-date colloquialisms and slang, one may heartily commend Mr. Wodehouse's "A Damsel in Distress."[5]

[1] The Black Drop. By Alice Brown. The Macmillan Company. New York.

[1] The Builders. By Ellen Glasgow. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City.

[2] The Forbidden Trail. By Honoré Willsie. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

[1] Ramsay Milholland. By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

[2] The World Shut Out. By Norval Richardson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

[3] The Sea Bride. By Ben Ames Williams. The Macmillan Company, New York.

[4] Hands Off! By Beulah Marie Dix. The Macmillan Company, New York.

[5] A Damsel in Distress. By P. G. Wodehouse. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

THE NEW BOOKS

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

Economic Foundations of Peace (The); or, World Partnership as the Truer Basis of the League of Nations. By J. L. Garvin. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Mr. J. L. Garvin, editor of the London "Observer," is certainly a ready writer. This stout volume might have been more appealing to the casual reader had it been less stout. The author conceives of a League of Nations as an edifice with two

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wings, economic and political. He believes, as do many, that the League may mean as much for the future of mankind as did the first rise of parliamentary institutions. The book's particular value lies in its insistence that to develop economic partnership from the beginning would be time and strength saved, for such developments must follow more or less in any case. Its immediate result, however, would be to remedy the present state of Europe.

Peace and Business. By Isaac F. Marcosson. The John Lane Company, New York.

This author, well known because of his economic investigations during the war, covers in this interesting volume the commercial rebirth of England, France, and Italy; a study of conditions in Holland, Switzerland, and Spain; and an analysis of the economic handicaps under which Germany is supposed to be existing. Of course he does not forget to show the new opportunity which America now has for world trade.

Safe and Unsafe Democracy. By Henry Ware Jones. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York City.

Powers and Aims of Western Democracy (The). By William Milligan Sloane, L.H.D., LL.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Democracy: Discipline: Peace. By William Roscoe Thayer. The Colver Lectures, 1919, Brown University. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

These are three books on the subject of democracy, volumes apparently in inverse value to their size. The stout volume by Mr. Jones is a verbose dissertation on unsafe democracy, which he finds in the perpetuation of our present partisan party spirit. As might be supposed, Professor Sloane, the historian, carefully traces the development of democracy from its earliest beginnings, the evolution of the modern state and the struggle for peace (the chapter on "The Origins of the War" is very illuminative), especially calling attention to the conflict of ideals with possible attainment, as, for instance, in Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Jugoslavia. Asserting that peace is the test of our democracy, he adds that there can be no perpetuation of peace without the power to maintain it. The important question in the supreme test of democracy is, as our author says, not what one section of it thinks of another, but what one section compels the others to think about it. Mr. Thayer's study of the fundamental nature of democracy is a small but very compact volume. The divine fact at the heart of democracy, he affirms, is freedom. Deprivation of freedom measures its value. As in this country the orderly working of democracy is seriously hindered by the diversity of our population, we are glad to note the author's appeal for greater education not only among aliens but also among Americans; he instances the case of Mr. Bryan, recently Secretary of State, who was not aware that Denmark owned any islands in the West Indies and who sent an invitation to the Swiss navy to attend one of our naval celebrations. As to more rudimentary education, he calls attention to the generally deficient instruction in English and the equally deficient teaching of American history. We are also glad to note that, in the author's opinion, universal military training is one of the essentials for our Republic's preservation, not only because without it we should be crushed if war came, but also because in peace it will unify our miscellaneous population at its impressionable age, substituting one language for many, teaching an indispensable discipline, and promoting physical health. To which we should add the promotion of social health through the leveling of distinctions between rich and poor.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Bulgaria: Problems and Politics. By George Clenton Logio. William Heinemann, London.

As the author of this volume is a Greek by birth, we take it up with a feeling that Bulgarian affairs will be discussed with a greater detachment than had the author been a Bulgar. Nor are we altogether disappointed. The book is valuable principally because it is the first volume which we know of to show the part Bulgaria has been playing in the present peace settlement; in addition, the author gives an ample account of Bulgarian aspirations and shows an unexpected sympathy with those concerning Macedonia. As to the Bulgarian atrocities in the war we are left with little satisfactory comment, as is also the case as regards Bulgarian aggression in the preceding period. As to present conditions, we learn that the farmers grew richer during the war owing to the sale at high prices of their farm products; yet, speaking of the impending war debt for Bulgaria, the author inquires, "How will such a stupendous sum be raised from an impoverished and exhausted country?" In such a country there is naturally an agrarian party, and its leader, Stamboliski, appeals favorably to Mr. Logio, who has, however, little to say in defense of any other Bulgarian politician. They would seem to be, all of them, either unscrupulous or unstable.

WAR BOOKS

German Social Democracy During the War. By Edwyn Bevan. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

During recent years the names of Liebknecht, Bernstein, Haase, and Scheidemann have been familiar in the newspapers. We know them all as Socialist leaders. But we are not quite sure of the individually distinctive ideas for which they respectively stand. The present volume informs us. It narrates the part played by the German Socialists from the beginning of the war to the fall of Chancellor Michaelis (October, 1917). Particularly of course the author brings out in vivid relief the split between the majority and minority groups of the Socialist party.

Literary Digest History of the World War (The). Compiled by Francis Whiting Halsey. Vol. I—Outbreak and Causes: Western Front; June, 1914-October, 1914. Vol. II—Western Front: August, 1914-July, 1915. Vol. III—Western Front: July, 1915-May, 1917. Vol. IV—United States Enters the War: Western Front; December, 1916-March, 1918. Vol. V—Last German Drive and Foch's First Victories: Western Front; March, 1918-September, 1918. Vol. VI—Armistice and German Revolution: Western Front; September, 1918-January, 1919. Vol. VII—Russian Front: August, 1914-July, 1919. Vol. VIII—Turkey and the Balkans: August, 1914-October, 1918. Vol. IX—Italy: Submarine Warfare; August, 1914-November, 1918. Illustrated. The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

The titles of the volumes of this history as given above will, if closely examined, give an excellent idea of plan and arrangement. The method is both systematic and convenient. Thus, if a reader wishes to study the history of the submarine warfare, he has only to turn to Volume IX, where he will find the subject carried out from the first to the last of the conflict. So with the different fields of military operation and with different countries. The work is yet incomplete, in that one more volume is to be added to it. Mr. Halsey, who edited this history, and who has since died, was noted for his thoroughness and care in just such work as the editing of this collection of books. It is often said that no real history of the war can yet be written. In a sense this is true, but the present work is certainly full of fine material and will itself be constantly and permanently valuable for reference and study. The editors of The Outlook are distinctly glad to have an opportunity to add the volumes to their reference library.

Soul of the C.R.B. (The). By Madame Saint-René Taillandier. Translated by Mary Cadwallader Jones. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Mr. Hoover's relief work in Belgium is described in this volume in the form of conversations among those engaged in the work. We have the scene of a Paris *salon* in which people are sitting about and talking vivaciously. For instance, one of the "characters" says: "When we say Boche or Hun it is because we are trying to find a new name for an invisible enemy who seems to be everywhere, like evil or pain." The author comes naturally to the "*salon* style;" she belongs to a group distinguished both in politics and literature. Her husband was an Academician and a distinguished French diplomat; the historian Taine was her uncle; the novelist Paul Bourget is her brother-in-law; a less well known author in this country but well known abroad, André Chevrillon, is her brother; another brother was the French representative on Mr. Hoover's Commission. So from the beginning Madame Taillandier was in close touch with the work.

SCIENCE

Book of a Naturalist (The). By W. H. Hudson. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

Mr. Hudson is never more readable than when he talks about nature and records his observations in the country. These fugitive sketches make capital reading and have not a little that is humorous to balance the scientific side. They are none the worse in that Mr. Hudson is perfectly frank in letting the reader see his own likes and dislikes—for instance, he seems to care very little for dogs, while he admires snakes passionately, and his fondness for pigs is almost rhythmic. Indeed, he declares that the pig is "the most intelligent of beasts, not excepting the anthropoid ape and the elephant—the dog is not to be mentioned in this connection." Then follows a little passage which gives even a wider view of Mr. Hudson's animal predilections. He is still speaking of the pig: "He is not suspicious or shrinkingly submissive like horses, cattle, and sheep; nor an impudent devil-may-care like the goat; nor hostile like the goose; nor condescending like the cat; nor a flattering parasite like the dog. He views us from a totally different, a sort of democratic, standpoint as fellow-citizens and brothers, and takes it for granted, or grunted, that we understand his language, and without servility or insolence he has a natural, pleasant, camerados-all or hail-fellow-well-met air with us."

Splendors of the Sky. By Isabel Martin Lewis, A.M. Illustrated. Duffield & Co., New York.

Astronomical facts are given here in non-technical terms and in a way that will lure the reader to deeper study. The style is admirable and the illustrations are well selected and helpful.

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DEY'S A LI'L' SIX FEET OF GROUN', SOMEWHERE

(A SPIRITUAL)

BY LUCY RIDER MEYER

Dey's a li'l' six feet of groun' somewhere,
A li'l' six feet of groun',
An' dey 'spects to bury me dere, some day,
Wid de mou'ners mou'nin' 'roun.
But dey can't bury me in de groun', my Lord,
Dey can't bury me.
I'll be up among de sta's wid de angels, flyin' 'roun',
An' dey can't cotch me to bury me!

Dey's a li'l' old bell dey'll toll, some day,—
Don't ye hear dat doleful soun'?—
W'en dey tries to bury me deep, dat day,
Wid de mou'ners mou'nin' 'roun'.
But dey can't bury me in de groun', my Lord,
Dey can't bury me,
For de heab'm bells 'll ring an' de angels 'll sing,
An' dey can't cotch me to bury me!

Dey's some ole black clo'es dey'll wear, dat day,
Some ole black clo'es dey foun',
An' dey'll wail and weep an' de watch dey'll keep,
Wid de mou'ners mou'nin' 'roun'.
But dey can't bury me in de groun', my Lord,
Dey can't bury me.
Got de golden shoes an' de big white wings,
An' dey can't cotch me to bury me!

EMPLOYERS: RIGHTS AND DUTIES

The Outlook has had some very good articles upon the unrest of the world which has followed the war. They have dealt largely with conditions which have brought this unrest about—with the rights of labor to strike or not, when that interferes with the public, with individual and collective bargaining, with the rights and (sometimes) the *duties* of employers to their men, etc.

I read them all, but you stop short, far too short, in stating the underlying causes of a large amount of this unrest. They are very simple, and the principal one is the refusal of the employer to treat with his men *at all*. The man who says, "The public be damned," is the one who will say—the laborers, or the engineers, or the stenographers, or the draughtsmen "be damned," and he refuses to see them or redress their grievances.

Notwithstanding the high cost of living, he is willing to let them work for the lowest salary he can give them. The same man if he had been born an Egyptian would have been shown with a whip in his hand. The question of a man's right to strike is unquestioned, but how can he strike if he does not belong to a union, when even the request to such an employer (should he get a hearing) means, "Get out if you are not satisfied here—get a new job."

There are thousands to-day who work under such men, and they are unable to help themselves. Why don't you write an article on "Garyism," as such? I know you have touched *lightly* on this phase of the question, but only *lightly*. I should like to say something on the part the Church is being called on to play in the relations between men and employers. So far labor has refused the hand of the Church, as I know as a Churchman. That the basis of the relation between capital and labor has to be changed before any real peace can come is now becoming well recognized, and until Colonel Roosevelt's "square deal" is adopted by the capitalist and what he stands for the chaos will continue.

OLIVER B. HARDEN.

Newark, New Jersey.

ONE DECENT GERMAN SUBMARINE CAPTAIN

(From Admiral Sims's article "The Victory at Sea" in the "World's Work" for December)

The convoy officers acquired an astonishingly intimate knowledge of these [German submarine] boats and the habits of their commanders. Indeed, the personalities of some of these German officers ultimately took shape with surprising clearness, for they betrayed their presence in the ocean by characteristics that often furnished a means of identifying them. Each submarine behaved in a different way from the others, the difference, of course, being the manifestation of the human element in control. One would deliver his attacks in rapid succession, boldly and almost recklessly; another would approach his task with the utmost caution; certain ones would display the meanest traits in human nature; while others—let us be just—were capable of a certain display of generosity, possibly even of chivalry. By studying the individual traits of each commander we could often tell just which one was operating at a given time; and this information was extremely valuable in the game in which we were engaged.

"Old Hans is out again," the officers in the convoy room would remark. They were speaking of Hans Rose, the commander of the U-53; the same submarine officer who, in the fall of 1916, brought that boat to Newport, Rhode Island, and torpedoed five or six ships off Nantucket. They never saw Hans Rose face to face; they had not the faintest idea whether he was fat or lean, whether he was a blond or a brunette, yet they knew his military characteristics intimately. He became such a familiar personality in the convoy room and his methods of operation were so individual that we came to have almost a certain liking for the old chap. Other U-boat commanders would appear off the hunting-grounds and attack ships in more or less easy-going fashion. Then another boat would suddenly appear, and—bang! bang! bang! Torpedo after torpedo would fly, four or five ships would sink, and then this disturbing person would vanish as unexpectedly as he had arrived. Such an experience informed the convoy officers that Hans Rose was once more at large. We acquired a certain respect for Hans because he was a brave man who would take chances which most of his compatriots avoided; and, above all, because he played his desperate game with a certain decency. Sometimes, when he torpedoed a ship, Rose would wait around until all the lifeboats were filled; he would then throw out a tow line, give the victims food, and keep all the survivors together until the rescuing destroyer appeared on the horizon, when he would let go and submerge. This humanity involved considerable risk to Captain Rose; a destroyer anywhere in his neighborhood, as he well knew, was a serious matter. It was he who torpedoed our destroyer the Jacob Jones. He took a shot at her from a distance of two miles—a distance from which a hit is a pure chance. The torpedo struck and sank the vessel within a few minutes. On this occasion Rose acted with his usual decency. The survivors of the Jacob Jones naturally had no means of communication, since the wireless had gone down with their ship; and now Rose, at considerable risk to himself, sent out an "S. O. S." call, giving the latitude and longitude, and informing Queenstown that the men were floating around in open boats. It is perhaps not surprising that Rose is one of the few German U-boat commanders with whom Allied naval officers would be willing to-day to shake hands. I have heard naval officers say that they would like to meet him after the war.

We were able to individualize other commanders; acquiring this knowledge, learning the location of their submarines and the characteristics of their boats, and using this vital information in protecting convoys, was all part of the game which was being played in London. It was the greatest game of "chess" which history has known—a game that exacted not only the most faithful and studious care, but in which it was necessary that all the activities should be centered in one office.

THE I. W. W. AND THE COLORED PEOPLE

The New York "Times" of November 23 had an interesting article based on a recent report of the Department of Justice, indicating the fact that radicals of the temper of the I. W. W. are conducting a propaganda among the colored people of the South. That week we received a letter from Miss W. Belle Davis, a representative of the Palmer Memorial Institute, of Sedalia, North Carolina, from which we make the following extract:

> The Chamber of Commerce of Greensboro, North Carolina, has become so very much interested in the effort and motive of a Negro woman in their State that this past spring they raised $10,000 among the local citizens and presented the same to the Board of Trustees of the school as their gift toward the erection of a modern brick building. Is that not an unusually encouraging and splendid co-operation and something to be proud of? The colored people are proud of this interest, and our Northern friends who have always stood by us are glad to hear of it, I am sure. Do you know that in North Carolina one hundred rural schools for colored children could not open this year because there were no teachers? We cannot let ignorance predominate our country like that, if we can possibly prevent it. Ignorance ruins a nation. During the registration period there were hundreds of Negro men, and some white ones too, that were unable to sign their names. Yet, with such ignorance staring so many of them in the face, the colored soldiers rendered excellent service to their country, and even though many have returned to tell the sad story, many, yea, hundreds of them, are asleep in Flanders Fields.

The only addition we need to make to this moving appeal is that it comes to us with the indorsement of Charles W. Eliot, ex-President of Harvard University, and that Miss Davis's New York address is 187 West 135th Street, and we are sure she will be glad to give additional information respecting the Institute to any inquirers.

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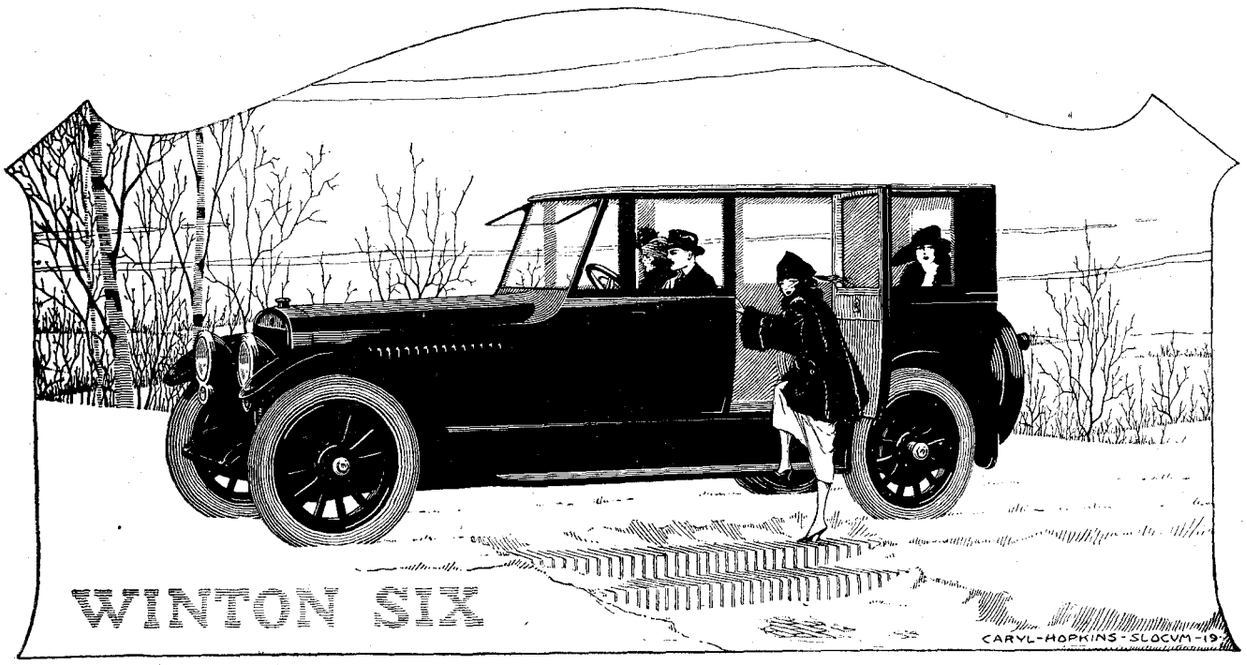

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Major General Cronkhite, U. S. A., who served in France, Belgium, Alsace-Lorraine, Italy, Luxemburg and Germany, driving as near to the front as a motor car could go, reports that his Winton Six limousine traveled 15,000 miles and that "thruout this entire period I never suffered a moment's delay."

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WHAT a world of peace and good-will to all is expressed in that age-old phrase. Especially when you say it with flowers!

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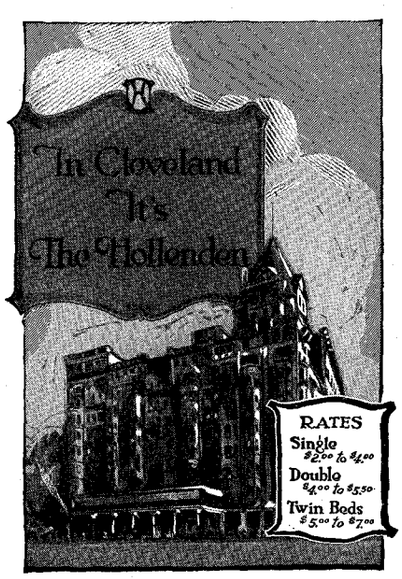
The florist displaying the sign "Say it with Flowers" is a member of the Society of American Florists and has advantages that he can pass along to you when you buy flowers.



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THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. This department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

COAL SHORTAGE AND THE MOTOR TRUCK

BY R. E. FULTON

Vice-President International Motor Company

COAL is the nucleus around which the Nation's transportation system is built. Upon its availability depends practically every means of transporting goods from the producer to the consumer with one exception—the motor truck. When one mode of accomplishing a purpose is so affected that it cannot operate, it is but natural for its users to seek another, and it is for this reason that the impending coal shortage has a vast significance to the motor-truck industry.

Reports issued by the Geological Survey, Department of the Interior, show that the production of bituminous coal, the kind most generally used by railways, for the year 1919 up to November 1 reached only eighty per cent of the production for the same period in 1918.

The period up to November 1, 1919, takes in production up to the beginning of the coal strike and represents the supply obtainable under normal conditions. The strike of the coal miners, however, and the heavy winter demand for coal cannot help but deplete the supply on hand to such an extent that railways will be forced to curtail shipments on account of their inability to obtain fuel to operate their lines. This is the very least that can be expected. P. H. Aishton, regional director of the Northwestern roads, has said that a Nation-wide embargo on freight is the only way in which the emergency can be met.

So much for the seriousness of the situation that confronts shippers and receivers of goods—in fact, every one who has an interest in transportation, including the consumer. What does it mean to the motor-truck industry?

As a forceful pinch of necessity, it will mean the opening of new fields for an even wider exploitation of the motor truck—of its adaptability and economies—than was offered by the freight congestion of 1917, during which the 435,000 motor trucks in use hauled 1,200,000,000 tons of materials. It should sound a warning to prospective purchasers to get their orders in while immediate deliveries are obtainable. It should be an added incentive to dealers to intensify selling efforts and to manufacturers to enlarge production to meet demand.

Motor trucks will be called on, as they have in previous emergencies, to handle the traffic that the railways cannot accommodate. They will bring foodstuffs direct from the producer, coal direct from the mines, and manufactured products direct from the manufacturer to the door of the retailer or consumer. The measure of reputation for economy and satisfaction they

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PERSONAL STORIES OF

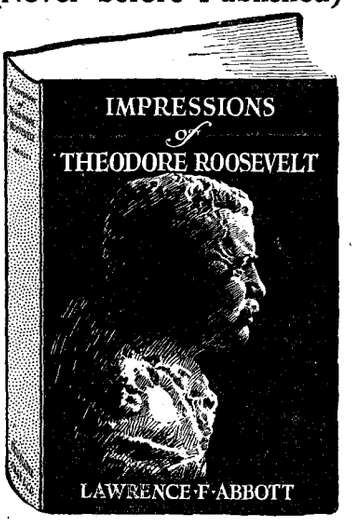
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(Never before Published)

With the unerring eyes of a prophet, **THEODORE ROOSEVELT** saw deep into the heart of man, and with flaming words seared his warnings into the minds of indifferent nations, arousing them to their dangers.

When Theodore Roosevelt, with characteristic vigor, made his "GOVERN OR GO" speech in Guildhall, London, in 1910, it so stirred the Government of the British Empire—it so helped to stiffen its backbone—it so helped to solidify the Empire that, when the hour struck, England was better prepared to battle for home, honor and Victory in the World War.

His Sorbonne speech put iron into the heart of the French Government and gave it the courage to defy the then powerful socialist or revolutionary groups and wrest their great influence from them.



This intimate personal friend of the Colonel's tells of his twenty-two years' personal contact with the man who could

"walk with Kings, nor lose the common touch."

He accompanied Roosevelt through Egypt, Europe and Great Britain back to New York and was later known as Mr. Roosevelt's Secretary. He tells it all in

A Great Story of A Great Man

You've heard rumors of Roosevelt's admiration for the *Kaiser*. Abbott refutes this with *facts*.

You know Roosevelt attacked the teachings of *Tolstoi* as immoral. Why?

Have you heard the complete story of Theodore Roosevelt's tour through *Egypt, Europe and Great Britain?* Abbott was with him, so he gives the first true version.

Do you know why Roosevelt *broke with Taft*—the inside facts? It is all disclosed in this volume.

Impressions of Theodore Roosevelt

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Below are some of the things said about this narrative portrait:

From *Oscar S. Straus*—Secretary of Commerce and Labor in President Roosevelt's Cabinet—we hear: "Impressions of T. R., by Lawrence F. Abbott, is admirable and gives one in many respects a closer and more intimate insight and association with the great COMMONER, PHILOSOPHER and STATESMAN than any of the biographies I have read.

"It is just such a true picture of the man and of his dominant ideal I expected from so intimate and close an associate as Lawrence Abbott was."

General Pershing says: "It is certainly a most valuable contribution as throwing a new light on the life of this great American."

Mrs. Anna Roosevelt Cowles says: "Lawrence Abbott's Memoirs of my brother, Colonel Roosevelt, are particularly sympathetic and satisfactory."

Let us send it to you for five days' personal examination; so you can see with your own eyes the human side of Theodore Roosevelt and get an intimate glimpse into his wonderful personal qualities and magnetism.

This is the only book that will give you a keen, clear insight into the motives that lay behind so many prominent affairs, which you could not understand at the time because you only read newspaper versions.

Whether or not you believed in Roosevelt and his policies, whether or not you agreed with his doctrines or preachments, you must know the real stories of the man whose heart and soul were wrapped up in true Americanism—whose home stood for patriotism.

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Coal Shortage and the Motor Truck (Continued)

reach, however, will be directly in proportion to the amount of organization and efficiency of operation that is applied to their use. Unorganized and with each truck operating where it will bring the most profit to its owner at whatever rates the "traffic will bear," they will make the very least of the opportunity that is offered them. Working along definite routes at uniform rates and in co-operation with one another to assure full capacity loads both going and coming, they will establish a record for proficiency and hasten the time when they will replace the railway in many forms of hauling. This implies the encouragement of motor-express routes, organized by public service laws if they are necessary.

It is very readily conceivable that the effects of the coal shortage will be so far-reaching that the production of high-grade motor trucks in sufficient quantities to meet demand will be impossible. In such an event it behooves the truck-owner to obtain the greatest amount of productivity he can from each unit in his service. Maintenance cost records, return load bureaus, selection of drivers, driver co-operation, and time-saving loading and unloading methods are some of the things that the operator cannot know too much about. It is the duty of the manufacturer and of the salesman to furnish the owner with educational data and ideas that will be helpful to him, and it is the duty of the owner to apply the most careful study to the fulfillment of his transportation requirements.

That the compulsory use of trucks by those who have always depended on the railways will cause a great many to ship their goods by motor vehicles in the future is a foregone conclusion. While the efficacy of the truck has already been proved, many have still to be educated to its economies, and a situation such as the coal shortage will bring on provides the best means for that education.

AMERICANIZING WOMEN

During the month of November the public was invited to "Come and See" just where and how the Young Women's Christian Association of New York City has spent funds intrusted to it through public contribution. The movement did not in any way partake of the nature of the "campaign" customary to organizations dependent upon public funds to carry on, in that no money was asked. The purpose was to acquaint the public with the scope of the work the Association is doing, and to enlist volunteer workers, laying special emphasis on work with women and girls in industry and in all phases of Americanization work among foreign-born women, as well as to secure a larger number of subscribers to both National and local work. It is unnecessary to go into the details of Y. W. C. A. activities here. The public is more or less familiar with them. What the public probably does not realize is the responsibility to carry on the work among women started during the war in its after-the-war developments.

Americanization cannot be dropped at this critical time, and if the Y. W. C. A. stands for any one thing more than another it is the Americanization of women. During the war the machinery of the Y. W. C. A. was put on a more efficient basis to cope with the problems of foreign-born women

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Americanizing Women (Continued)

throughout the country suddenly called into war emergency work in the factories, and through them came into closer touch with the foreign-born woman in the home. It was put on a more efficient basis to cope with the problems of vast numbers of women both foreign-born and American in industry, and through its findings is now in position to cope with the spirit of labor unrest as it affects women better than any other organization. How it is keeping its grip and building for a better Americanization of the Nation's womanhood was demonstrated in the "Come and See" movement. Seeing the Y. W. C. A. as conducted in New York is practically seeing it as conducted throughout the land. New York City presents nearly all the "girl" problems to be found anywhere, and offers through its great civic and social problems of congested housing, floating population, foreigners, industrial, political, and religious restlessness, a laboratory on which are based the activities of Y. W. C. A. work not only in America but abroad.

UNSOLVED EGG-SHELL RIDDLES

BY JOHN T. BARTLETT

It is hard to say why certain parts of the United States prefer white eggs to brown, while in other markets brown eggs have the preference. Boston, for example, is a brown egg city, and because such preferences, far from being of slight account, are of decided importance, this market invariably pays egg producers several cents a dozen more for brown eggs than for white eggs. New York, on the other hand, is a white egg city, and pays a premium on whites. Los Angeles, too, is a white egg city.

Nobody has ever been able to explain why one variety, like the White Leghorn, lays a white egg, and another variety, as the Rhode Island Red, a brown egg. Similarly, it is as much of a riddle to explain these strong consumer preferences. Analysis of content proves that the brown shell contains exactly as good and pure food as the white shell. The white shell and the brown shell are equally efficient as shells—equally strong, equally retentive of nutritive elements.

A Boston housewife, asked for an explanation, will declare that a brown egg looks "richer" to her, whereas a Los Angeles housewife, firm for white eggs, declares that the clean white is proof of freshness and purity.

There is one thing—size—which on the average will show the superiority of one color. That basis of comparison leans toward the brown egg's favor, because the brown egg varieties are typically larger birds than the white egg varieties, and average to lay larger eggs. Most market white eggs, for example, are produced by White Leghorns. The Leghorn is a small hen.

Every experienced egg shipper knows better than to ship mixed eggs to market, for the market is sure to penalize him. We have referred here to white and brown eggs as though there were no other colors. For market purposes many different shades and tints are regarded as brown, though, strictly speaking, they aren't. And individual hens vary remarkably in the amount of coloring matter with which they supply egg shells.

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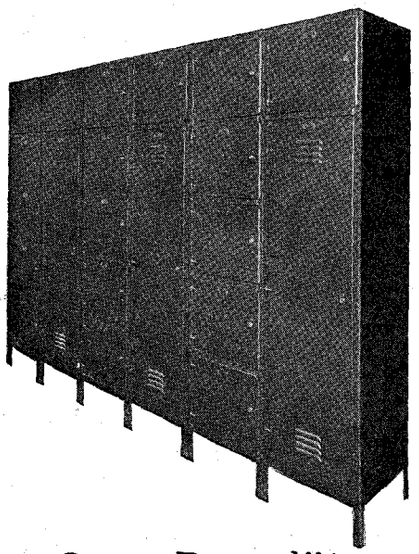

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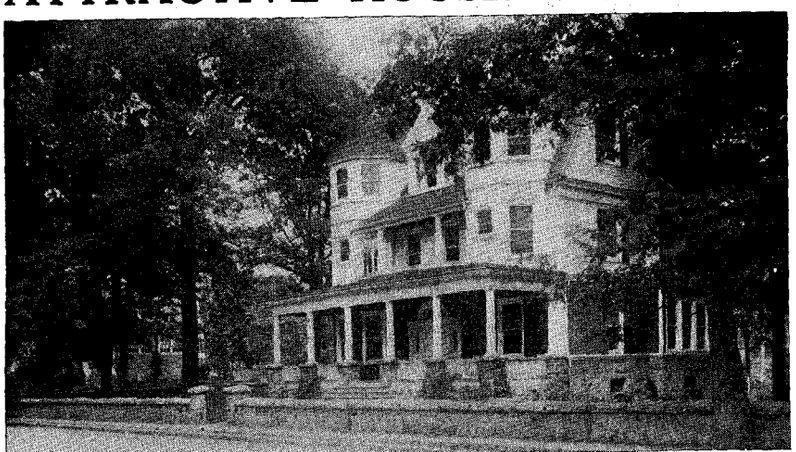

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BY THE WAY

"As to the high cost of living," a subscriber writes, "let me record this. I thought we ought to have a pumpkin pie for our Thanksgiving dinner. In a New York City bakery in the old days these pies sold for about a quarter. I was prepared to pay half a dollar for one now. The first pie I priced was eighty cents. I asked if they had bigger ones. 'Yes, we'll bake you one to order for $1.25.' I said to myself, 'I'll go to a better place and get a really good pie.' So I stepped into a fashionable caterer's. There were long rows of good-looking, sizable mince and pumpkin pies. 'What is the price of one of those pies?' I asked. 'Three dollars!' was the reply. I made a feeble excuse, got out, went home—and we made the pie ourselves and baked it on the gas stove."

To the stories of absent-minded people "London Opinion" contributes this:

Absent-minded Vicar (during dinner at a friend's house, to his wife): "My dear, we must change this cook; she's even worse than the last."

"Karikaturen," of Christiania, Norway, has this "grind" on the absent-minded:

Three professors, after taking their tickets, quite forgot to board the train, and, after about an hour on the platform, one says: "This is a deucedly slow train!"

"Karikaturen" makes an unworldly professor say, as he is about to begin a dangerous experiment: "If anything goes wrong in the course of this experiment, we shall all go up in the air. Come closer, so that you may follow me better."

Under a picture of "The Communist Candidate" the "Notenkraker," of Amsterdam, has this:

"I can neither read nor write. I ought to be in Parliament."

From the "Bystander" (London) under the head "Heard at the Motor Show:"

She—"Tom's just bought a Ford—what's yours?"

He—"Oh, mine's a Rolls-Royce!"

She—"Ah! That's a good car too, isn't it?"

From the "World," London:

"Did you hear about Fred being sacked for taking out his boss's car without permission?"

"No. How did the boss find out?"

"Oh, Fred ran over him!"

From "Le Pêle-Mêle," of Paris:

Friend of the Family (noticing young man working over a drawing with abstracted air)—"Your son works hard." Father—"Oh, yes; he is a humorist."

"Sondags Nisse," of Stockholm, shows by the following skit that football is as popular on the other side as it is here:

Father—"My son, you are now eighteen years of age and must go forth into the world. It has been my duty to prepare you for a profession. Here are a pair of football boots. Go and win fame and fortune."

This from the same source is a fresh note on the rejected suitor theme:

Youth—"Can you take back the engagement ring I bought here to-day?"

"Didn't it suit?"

"I don't know. I didn't."

The following, on a similar theme, comes from the "World," of London:

He—"Then all is over between us?"

She—"Yes. Nothing remains but to go back to those we were engaged to before."

"Jugend," of Munich, reflects the coal

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